THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

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DECEMBER, 1929.

Correspondence—"Journey's End"—Pantomimitis and the Modern Mind—The Cushioned Seat

Current Comments — Douglas Jerrold

Notes from Paris — George Adam

The Growing Burden of the Social Services — Herbert G. Williams

Dominion Status for India — Sir Michael O'Dwyer

The New British Doctrine of Mechanized War — B. H. Liddell Hart

Von Bülow's Chancellorship — Charles Tower

The New Despotism — C. H. S. Fifoot

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The Province of the Amateur — Arnold Lunn

Shakespeare and the "Talkies" — Seymour Clayton

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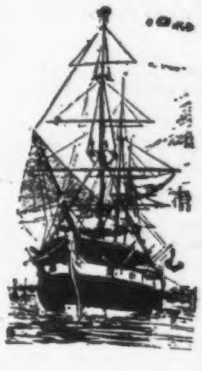

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1929

Current Comments

IN an unpleasantly literal sense our present rulers appear to be men of words, not deeds. First it was Egypt, then America, and now India. It is a sinister conjunction which makes it possible to bring together under one condemnation the handling of the chief British interests in the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the Near and the Far East. But the conjunction is unmistakable. It will be remembered that the Egyptian proposals shortly to be submitted for the approval of the Egyptian Parliament were formulated by the Government after a specific declaration that there had been no change of policy over the all-important "reservations" which led to the breakdown of earlier negotiations. Yet when the new proposals were made, it was found that they were hailed with delight by the very section of Egyptian public opinion which condemned the proposals of the Conservative Government. The matter was first raised in the House of Commons on Lord Lloyd's resignation, and the Foreign Secretary, in an able and temperate speech, was held to have given satisfactory assurances. Yet the Egyptian Nationalists held that the specific proposals which were announced later were equally satisfactory to them. An ideal settlement, perhaps, which pleases both parties! Unfortunately only an ideal method of phrase making, which convinces one set of people, in England, that there is no significant change of policy, and another set of people, in Egypt, that there is. That may be good politics but it is not good statesmanship.

Men of Words

LET it be clear that we are discussing here a question of method. His Majesty's Government, because they are His Majesty's Government, have a perfect right to initiate a new policy, and if they consider the policy of the late Government to be wrong, they have a moral obligation to change it. But they have an equally binding obligation to say they are doing so, to make

A Question of Method

the difference between the old policy and the new as clear as daylight and to submit that difference to the judgment of the neutral majority of the House of Commons. When the Egyptian question came up, men of all parties felt, in our view wrongly, that though the matter had been unfortunately handled, there had been no serious breach with the traditions of statesmanship—in short, that the least said, the soonest mended. In the light of what has happened since, few people, and no unprejudiced people, can take that view.

America

WHAT happened in America? Nothing, says Mr. MacDonald, in the House of Commons, but a clearing away of misunderstanding, and the introduction of the "human element" into diplomacy. Above all, no pledges, no commitments, no alliances, no understandings, no *entente*. But the left wing Press takes a different view. A new era has dawned. Oddly enough, Mr. Hoover at the same time has an idea that it would be a good thing if food ships were exempted from the right of blockade, and our Government, without, of course, agreeing to any concrete proposal, conceives the idea that the time is ripe to discuss the whole question of blockade and the freedom of the seas. Perhaps our Government is right. We are, we repeat, discussing here not measures but methods. What is more likely, however, under these methods, than that we shall be faced, without further discussion in the House of Commons, with a series of provisional agreements at the Five Power Conference so interlinked that we have to accept them all or to wreck the Conference? A pessimistic view, perhaps, but in view of what happened in the case of Egypt, not a very unreasonable one, and in view of what has just happened in the case of India, an alarmingly plausible one.

India

THE Indian incident is beyond the range of controversy. The facts are admitted. An announcement was made as to the intention of the Government in the matter of Dominion status which was contrary to the wishes of the Simon Commission and of the Conservative Party. It was made to pacify Indian opinion. How could it do so if it did not involve a change of policy? Yet the House of Commons is assured that it involved no change of policy

either in the matter of time, of method, or of aim. Only Mr. Wedgwood Benn will admit any change, and that is a change of spirit. Truly we live in a spiritual age, if a change of this kind, involving, we are assured, no change whatever in any material point of policy, can be deserving of the dignity of a vice-Regal pronouncement, and can be regarded by His Majesty's advisers as likely profoundly to influence the whole Indian situation.

Non Benn Trovato

THE plain fact is that the Government have changed, if not their policy, at any rate their plans. In so doing they have done something which will have far-reaching results. In their attempt to conciliate India, they have set up a "yardstick," to use the Premier's phrase, by which the Simon Commission's report will be measured, and have thus reversed the intended procedure under which it was the Commission's report which was to be the yardstick by which all parties agreed to measure their Indian policy. This is a vast change, and wholly for the worse. For the first time in the history of British India there was to have been laid down a written, detailed and non-partisan programme of constitutional development, which was to have been steadfastly followed by all parties, regardless of cries from right or left, from the extreme diehards or the extreme revolutionaries. Instead we have set up a loose politician's phrase, already interpreted differently not only by Englishmen on the one hand and by Indians on the other, but by almost every newspaper in England, and by almost every political group in India. And there will be no partisan and no extremist in either country who will not be able to argue with plausibility that the concrete proposals of this or any future Government are not inconsistent with the Viceroy's pronouncement.

Policy by Reference

WE have passed from methods to measures in discussing the Indian affair because the facts are all known. After the event the Government were extremely frank in their explanations. To some extent still in the case of Egypt, and wholly in the case of the Anglo-American Conversations, we are in the dark. Nothing is more easy, or more futile, than for journalists to make vague charges, and we do

not propose to do so. For that reason we leave measures on one side and revert to methods. But this is the charge we make. To the already scandalous practice of modern parliaments—legislation by reference—is being added a new and more dangerous practice of "policy by reference." We have had enough of these changes of policy which are not changes in our country and mask the dawn of new eras in others. The obligation on a Minority Government is clearer and more stringent than on any other to state its policy not by reference to some four-year-old pronouncement of another Government, but explicitly, fully, and afresh. Obviously a Government conducting delicate negotiations cannot announce all the details of its policy in advance, but it can announce and define its principles and it can avoid leaving ambiguous just those points which are the only points that matter. If there is a change of spirit, it is not necessarily anything to be ashamed of. Preceding Governments have not been perfect. But let these changes be defined in words and not used merely to conceal the fact from one party that the former policy has only been modified slightly, and from another to conceal the fact that it has been modified at all.

The Constitutional Issue

It will be urged that in practice such things are not possible, that words, however carefully chosen, have always two meanings, and that the present Government is only taking the latitude enjoyed by their predecessors. This is untrue, and if it were not, it would be irrelevant. This is a Minority Government, and one, moreover, which received the votes of only a little over a third of the electors. It is obvious that a constitutional practice devised to meet the case of a Government enjoying the support of the House of Commons, is not necessarily suited to the present, and to what is likely to be the future, position. The fact is, however, that constitutional precedents are being set, and that they are very bad ones. A vague adhesion to the foreign policy of the last Government, embroidered by journalistically phrased glosses and supplemented by secret conversations, is infinitely worse than a new policy. Foreign policy must either, under a Minority Government, be a concerted policy or a one-party policy frankly

stated and freely debated. The present position lands the country in the intolerable position of being committed to a new policy in the name of old allegiances and of being unable to change it when the facts come out.

The Case of Russia

THE plain fact is that the Labour Government are engaged behind a façade of statesmanship in carrying out policies some of which would not command the consent of even a quarter of the electorate. The same thing precisely is going to happen over Russia. Here we have in unbroken sequence the same unpleasing sequence of events, the firm declaration of an unchanged policy, the secret negotiations, the formula which means either everything or nothing, and the parliamentary wriggle ending in a half-hearted charge of broken faith grudgingly withdrawn. And who can blame the rank and file of either party, considered as individuals? After all, how much was conceded, or how little, is a thing which only the event will show. Conservatives cannot but be suspicious and Socialists are naturally disposed to be trusting. The blame lies wholly with the two front benches. Either both of them are being foolish, or one of them, and that not the Opposition, is being unpleasantly, and indeed discreditably astute. Whatever the facts may be, the results will be disastrous. No secure peace can be based on formulæ the meaning of which is in dispute from the start. Between government and anarchy there is a half-way house which politicians call statesmanship. Statesmen call it party politics.

The Home Front

THE month's events on the home front must be considered not only for the light they throw on the Government's intentions at home but also for the light they throw on the ultimate implications of their foreign policy. The light thrown is distinctly red, and it is wise to remember the leopard does not keep one set of spots for the jungle and another for the plain. We find, unfortunately, at home just the same " incurable sloppiness " that hallmarks the Government's action in other spheres. Under a plea of carrying to its logical conclusion the policy of the late Government the Labour Party are conferring widows' pensions on thousands of widows who might have been contributors to the scheme had they not been

widowed but who, in fact, have not contributed a penny. Taken by itself this might pass, but in conjunction with the new Unemployment Insurance Bill it will not.

The New Unemployment Insurance Bill

THIS Bill extends the national poor relief scheme, ridiculously called insurance, to children of the new school-leaving age (when that age comes into operation) and thus confers on the child leaving school what is foolishly called the right to work or maintenance but is, in fact, the alternative between work and maintenance. Naturally there is much talk of "crediting" the "Unemployment Insurance Fund" (which has been hopelessly bankrupt for years) with so many "contributions" (paid by the State) on behalf of each child, and no doubt there will be talk of "gaps" in benefit if further contributions are not paid. But we know from long and bitter experience that these words and these safeguards are merely dishonouring frauds. The scheme is not an insurance scheme but a scheme of out-relief, and to base a defence of it on any other grounds is to base it on a lie. A man who gets an allowance from his father of £1,000 a year, and saves £100 a year is not earning his living, and if he is honest does not pretend to be doing so. Unfortunately people who get something for nothing have a very peculiar sense of honesty, and the poor are no different in this respect from the rich.

"Genuinely Seeking Work"

THE second big change in the Act is the abolition of the (administrative) requirement that an applicant must be able to show that he was "genuinely seeking" work. The importance of the new clauses is not that they relieve the officials from an obviously impossible task of deciding on the "genuineness" of a man's "will to work" but that they make it clear in black and white that a man need only seek work "through the usual channels" in "his own trade." These are important words. It is obviously just that under a *bona fide* insurance scheme when a man's right to benefit is conditioned by the number (even if not by the actuarial value) of his own contributions, he should not be forced to change his calling before drawing the unemployment benefits accruing to him from his own contributions.

It is equally obviously ridiculous that a man strictly disentitled to benefit, owing to his failure to contribute to the fund, should be able to refuse work and yet to draw benefit. Yet this is what the new Act appear to allow.

The Scale of Benefits

EVEN this provision of the new Act is less mistaken than the immediate raising of the benefits to unemployed boys and girls under 20. This is sheer robbery of the Fund, built up over years by the contributions of regularly employed men, women and their equally regular employers, in the interests of groups of young people with not a shadow of moral claim on the fund. The object of the manœuvre is painfully clear. A shameful disparity has been created between the benefits of a girl or boy of 18 or 19 with no long record of contributions, and those accruing to men and women of mature years with many years of regular contributions behind them. This disparity will be remedied before the Labour Government leaves office, or else its removal will be a plank in their election campaign. The manœuvre is as clear as it is painful. If the Labour Government chose to commit themselves to the slogan of their supporters, " work or full maintenance," no Conservative could complain. It would be an honest, perhaps even a courageous, act. It would place in the front line of party controversy a clear, and even a clean, issue. We should oppose the proposal with such vigour as we possess, but we should respect a government which raised it honourably. The shoddy manœuvres of the present government to give effect to a principle they repudiate by a back-door which they publicly profess to have locked, deserve to receive the contempt of all honourable men, without regard to party. Perhaps their number is not at present sufficiently high to embarrass the Government. However, their number will grow, as the Government's unpopularity grows with unemployment!

Mr. J. H. Thomas's Courage

AMONG a cabinet of men who have yet to arrive, Mr. J. H. Thomas, who has so emphatically arrived, has shown courage and candour. His policy, borrowed from the official adviser of the late Government, will fail—has already done so, in fact—but if he cannot claim to have done good, he can at least claim to

have done his best and to have done no harm. The only cure for unemployment is the thorough-going reorganization of industry along the lines already followed, without pressure from the State, in the chemical industries; this means national co-ordination and international working agreements. But, just as protection must come from a Labour Government, so socialism can only come from an individualist government. In the circumstance, Mr. Thomas, by spending no money except on genuinely productive schemes has done his best, and we must be grateful to him.

November 11th, 1929

THE eleventh anniversary of the Armistice was not after all disfigured by any calculated insult to the fighting services who never influenced our policy before 1914 and contented themselves with paying the penalty, after 1914, for the error and follies of European statesmen of an earlier generation. It was noted, however, that the numbers in Whitehall later in the day were notably fewer than usual, and it is greatly to be feared that as a result of a stream of propaganda the contributions to the British Legion showed a rather serious falling off. This is in part, no doubt, due to the rain, but by no means wholly. A deliberate attempt is being made to instil into the minds of the rising generation the idea that the War was, on the whole, a discreditable episode, and without any qualification, a futile one. The most strident advocates of this view are also the most ardent advocates of the League of Nations, which was brought into being by the War, and would have been unthinkable in pre-war Europe. So much for post-war logic, which appears to be roughly on a *par* with post-war gratitude.

The Air Estimates

THERE are rumours in well-informed circles that the Estimates for the Defence Services will show a reduction in the Army and Navy, but an increase in the Air Estimates. If costs were a criterion, the increase would, of course, be justified. As, however, cheapness and efficiency should be the tests by which the rival merits of the services

should be judged, the decision, if it be a decision, is a political scandal of the gravest possible kind. But for the tolerance extended by our pacifists to the disgusting and degrading practice of bombing defenceless civilians as a police measure, it could be said, without fear of contradiction, that no single argument could be found for the retention of an air force except as an administrative service charged with the duty of supplying men and machinery to the Army and Navy. The aeroplane is not an "Arm," and never will be. It is a means of transport, extensive, dangerous, inefficient and vulnerable, for weapons and men. It has immense advantage as a means of transport for scouts and observers, and some advantage as a weapon carrier in so far as it has infinite mobility and a very considerable range. Its disadvantages are obvious and well known. A gun that could only fire half-a-dozen rounds without even one chance in sixty of hitting its target and which, after firing its six rounds, had to return to the base for a refit, would be a joke. This is precisely what the aerial bomber is to artillerymen. It can hit things, *if it is lucky*, which no artillery can ever reach, but it can never in any circumstances, and for reasons which have nothing to do with aircraft design but are inherent in the air itself, be a substitute under normal conditions for artillery. And similarly, in naval warfare. Why then, the popular craze for the air?

The Air as a Police Service

THE reasons are three. In the first place the Air Service is regarded as a cheap police service, because it is felt that a few bombs dropped on unarmed "natives" do no harm and cost less than the efficient and bloodless police service rendered by the infantry soldier. This disgusting and callous doctrine, revolting to every soldier and sailor in the country, is very popular with pacifists. Why, I cannot explain, except by reference to the indifference of the same zealous preservers of life to the equally disgusting slaughter of foot passengers on the roads, where over 180,000 people have been killed or wounded since the war—a total nearly exceeding our casualties in 1914. I must content myself with supposing that the sufferings of the already dead are the only ones

which are acute enough to awaken such tender consciences as those of His Majesty's Ministers.

The Air and Invasion

ANOTHER reason for the popularity of the Air Service in progressive circles is the great fear which progressive people have of being disturbed at home; they are almost afraid of hostile aeroplanes as they are of the King's Proctor. The belief that aeroplanes are a direct defence against other aeroplanes is condemned as an illusion by Sir Hugh Trenchard and by most other authorities, and the argument that counter-bombing is the true defence is so silly as to be derisory. If our own anti-aircraft defences can deal with invaders, the enemy's anti-aircraft defence will deal with ours, and if they cannot, we shall reap little benefit from the exacerbation of opponents who have already "destroyed London." (I take the hypothesis from the lips of air-fanatics.) No war has ever been won by the futile strategy of retaliation.

The Air and Progress

THE third reason for the popularity of the Air Service is purely political and therefore the most powerful. The air is regarded as something progressive and enlightened, while simultaneously a disgraceful attempt is being made to suggest that the professional soldiers and sailors are professional war-mongers. Further, it is part of the slipshod creed of an absurdly credulous age—never let us forget that we live to-day in the second childhood of faith—that everything new is good. Aviation is new. Therefore it must be good and must get better and better. Progressives are not logical: they do not apply this "law" of progress, to aristocracy, armies, navies, or constitutions. But they do apply it to airships. The fact that R. 101 cannot fly to-day is a sure proof, for our enlightened generation, that it will fly to-morrow.

The Lesson of Palestine

THERE is less excuse than ever after the Palestine riots for the absurd doctrines about the air which are prevalent to-day. When the riots broke out, the Air Force officer in charge very sensibly sent such men as he had *in armoured cars* to the chief centres of trouble and wired for infantry from Egypt. The bombing

policy, safe enough on the North-West Frontier or among Arab tribes, was quite ridiculously unsafe where the bomb was just as likely to fall on the Jew as on the Gentile.

Finance and Politics

Our financial position grows serious. The new Conversion Loan, even setting aside the inexplicable blunder of the ½ per cent. commission given to certain interests, is a confession of the failure of our policy. No one Government can be blamed for this. We have pursued unchecked a career of administrative and legislative extravagance, with the result that today British credit stands no higher than it did ten years ago, and the burden of our debt, owing to the fall in prices, is very considerably increased. What is actually happening is that to repay money borrowed at 5 per cent. when the real value of the £1 sterling, in terms of gold, and thus in terms of goods, was round about 15s, we are borrowing today at the same rate of interest, although the £1 sterling is today on a gold basis, and thus purchases 20s. worth of goods. The alternatives before the Treasury after the War were clear. We could stabilize the £1 sterling at the 1919 or 1920 level, thus devaluating it as the franc has been devaluated. This was one way, and the only certain way, of keeping the burden of our debt in the same relation to our total expenditure that it bore at that date. The other alternative was to aim at restoring the gold standard, in the hope of restoring British credit to a 3½ per cent. or 4 per cent. basis, and thus reducing, by a series of conversions, the burden of our interest payments. Probably rightly, the second course was adopted, though it is well known that eminent economists like Mr. Keynes and Mr. McKenna were more than doubtful about the wisdom of the course adopted. But unfortunately the gains anticipated from the course adopted have not fructified; industry has been depressed by a low level of internal prices and not been assisted by a remission of taxation. The new Five per Cent. Loan is the formal confession of a failure which will cast its shadow on British prosperity for many years to come.

Our Growing Expenditure

In the face of this, it is staggering to find that already the new Parliament has incurred commitments which will make it necessary to find in 1930–31 an additional £18,000,000 of revenue. As we have said again and again, the effect of this progressive expenditure, in the circumstances of the case, can only be to increase unemployment. We are taking more and more people out of production and making it by the constant pressure of taxation more and more difficult to produce at world prices; thus we have fewer goods to consume or exchange and some one must be the poorer as the result. To find out who is the poorer look at the unemployment returns. Figures issued last month gave the distribution of unemployment among all trades, and these figures unfortunately dispose of the belief that unemployment is concentrated on one or two industries. It is, on the contrary, general and growing, and the very heavy numbers, over 100,000, in the building and allied trades, show the result of a general and not merely a local depression. Under the present policies this depression will continue.

The Army of the Future

Captain Liddell Hart, the well-known military correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, contributes to this number an important article on the "mechanization" of the army and its effect on strategy and tactics. Here is another chance for constructive economy which the Labour Government is likely to miss. A mechanized army is the cheapest to maintain because its striking power, in proportion to the numbers engaged, is roughly ten times as great as that of the old-fashioned infantry division. No student of war imagines that mechanized warfare is the only possible kind, and it is possible that some of its advocates, if not our distinguished contributor himself, underestimate the vulnerability of tanks from the new armour-piercing bullets which are being developed on the Continent. All the same, as the only possible means of giving mobility to mass, the tank has come to stay. It has restored to tacticians the essential weapon of surprise, and to strategists the ability to enforce a retreat by wide turning movements

which used to be the task of the cavalry before barbed wire and machine guns turned the horse from an asset into a liability. A strong compact mechanized force, fully equipped with machines of a uniform pattern, should add to our effective military resources while substantially economizing in man power and in bricks and mortar.

Proportional Representation

We publish this month a plea by Mr. Colnett Wright for Proportional Representation. It is our policy to represent, on controversial questions such as this, all points of view, and Mr. Wright certainly proves his case that Proportional Representation is the only possible system if it is desired to get a Parliament corresponding fairly exactly to the distribution of opinion in the country. The real question, however, is perhaps deeper. Let us take an extreme but by no means an impossible case, and assume that in every constituency in a two-party election there is a slender majority for the same party. What is the right reflection in an elected Parliament of such a state of affairs? It is at least no more clear that it should contain roughly equal numbers of each party than that it should contain members of one party only. Should views which everywhere, in all groups and in all societies, are held only by a minority be given as much weight in proportion to aggregate numbers as the views held by the majority of men everywhere? There is no simple answer to this question. Our own view is that representative Government on a geographical basis is an anomaly to-day, and that so long as we retain it, no one basis is much worse than another. But that is a long story.

Douglas Jerrold.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Changing Ministers.—After a Ministerial crisis which has given further proof, if any were needed, of the lack of young Radical and Radical-Socialist political talent, M. Briand has formed another Ministry. This time, with all the modesty of a violet, he calls it a Tardieu Government. It is as plain as a pikestaff that for the next few months France's chief interests will lie abroad. M. Briand may be an idealist, an apostle of peace, the Man of Locarno, but he is also a very shrewd world statesman, and he is perhaps less susceptible to eye-wash than are most of his colleagues. The death of Stresemann, the futile performance of German Nationalism over the Young Plan referendum have naturally enabled M. Briand to remind Germany that Locarno, while representing a treaty, only does so in so far as the spirit is willing. The Rhine evacuation, for France, is still dependent on the putting into force of the Young Plan.

The Atlantic.—French naval interests in the Atlantic are not of any very serious importance. While her Atlantic mercantile shipping has taken on a new and important lease of life, thanks mainly to the forward policy of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, the problem of protecting her long western seaboard against attack by England or by America is one more likely to be solved by diplomacy than by shipbuilding. The Naval Disarmament Conference might therefore have been held to concern France mainly in so far as it was likely to affect the situation in the Mediterranean and the use of the submarine. Mr. Hoover, however, by raising the ghost of Wilson's freedom of the seas, has put another complexion on the question. France is well aware that, even after the recent exhibition in Wall Street, the United States is a country of infinite power; but France occasionally feels that that power is not infrequently used in a tactless if not selfish manner. The world, at the instigation of President Wilson, adopted the League of Nations idea, and America remained aloof. Europe has also signed the Kellogg Pact renouncing war as an instrument of policy. Europe is now asked by the Quaker gentleman in Washington, while declaring *à la* Kellogg that it abominates war, to undertake that foodstuffs shall go free of annoy-

ance into any belligerent country. Thus the world might some day be treated to the spectacle of a country being forced to nourish its own assassin. Enlightened French opinion, while appreciating that most of the foodstuffs would be shipped from Chicago, does not altogether appreciate the logic of the idea, which, reduced *ad absurdum*, might mean that the United States would keep European nations as a team of gladiators fighting its battles and supporting both the stockyards of Chicago and the stock markets of New York.

The New Ministry.—Seen from this side of the Channel, the prospects of real progress at the London Conference appear but faint, for, besides this trouble of the freedom of the seas in which France will undoubtedly support the old British Admiralty policy of stringent control of neutral shipping during war time, nothing has yet apparently been done to reach an understanding with Italy as to the future naval situation as between France and Italy in the Mediterranean. M. Tardieu, the new and energetic young Premier, gave a cynical touch of realism to his statement of Ministerial policy before Parliament which time may perhaps justify in the long run. He announced a series of measures for spending money on much needed schemes of public works, with some concessions to social legislation, all of which will cost money. He also announced reduction in taxation, which has the merit of having become almost original in these days, and generally displayed the robust optimism of a man who looks forward to a prolonged term of office. Yet he knows very well that the average life of a Ministry under the Third Republic is about nine months; so a good deal of his programme may be taken as being an expression of pious aspirations. M. Tardieu, at any rate, may be counted upon to carry on the Poincaré tradition and to rule firmly.

War Books.—There is apparently no end to "Journey's End." It has been violently attacked and ably defended in your columns. Mussolini has banned it in Italy as giving that glorious outdoor sport of war a nasty reputation. It has had some success in Germany as a revelation of British character. In France it has been indifferently received. It has triumphed in America. It has come to Paris simultaneously with a number of

German war books, and the French are rather wondering what they all mean. The thirteen hooded critics of the *Intransigeant* have conducted an inquiry among French writers of war literature with a view to obtaining a general idea as to which is the right moment for the writing of a war book. The answer seems obviously to be at the time when people have sufficiently recovered from the war to be able to read about it without losing their tempers or their courage, or at a time when so few people remember it that they want to know what happened. The general opinion is that field note-books, however poignant or thrilling they may be, lack the repose and perspective which lend enchantment to, or heighten the horror of, the scene. Julius Cæsar was, after all is said and done, only a specially privileged war correspondent when it came to writing, and there have been few, if any, war books such as those of Remarque with his noisy "All Quiet on the Western Front," Dorgeles with his wooden crosses, or of Montague and Mottram. It is a curious fact that, while French readers are becoming rapidly acquainted with the works of English women novelists of to-day, hardly any English war books are available to the French public.

An explanation of this might be found in normal times in the intense parochialism of French minds, but the vogue of the German war writers cuts that out. Perhaps it is because the French feel that the war was so peculiarly theirs, and the Germans that even the best of English war books still await translation.

The contrast becomes even more striking when we note that books like Winston Churchill's "Aftermath" have not yet received French dress. Meanwhile it is an open secret that, from the economic point of view, it is America and Great Britain which are bearing the expense—profitable, no doubt—of publishing M. Clemenceau's forthcoming book on the close of his official life. The whole Academy of Medicine was unable to stop him from work on this volume, which is now practically ready for the press and will see the light of day in book form in March. Clemenceau started writing as a Latin Quarter student in 1863, and kept so hard at it that his newspaper work alone would fill more than 350 volumes of the ordinary length of a modern novel.

The Growing Burden of the Social Services

By Herbert G. Williams

(Late Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade)

THE discussions in Parliament recently on the Widows' Pensions Bill and on the Unemployment Insurance Bill, coupled with the proposal to raise the school age to fifteen on April 1, 1931, have very naturally and properly led to a renewed consideration of the influence of social expenditure on national well-being in the widest sense.

All of us are anxious that every member of the community should enjoy some reasonable protection against the mischances of life, and that everyone should receive the training likely to equip them for the battle of life, but, nevertheless, many of us are wondering if we are not reaching the condition when legislation inspired by the spirit of humanity is not defeating its own ends.

The world trade collapse of 1920, of which we saw the first signs in this country in May of that year, was, of course, a direct consequence of the war. Many of those who wanted to purchase goods from us were too poor to do so and our industries were working inefficiently and the costs of production were abnormally high.

The world to-day is far more prosperous than it was nine years ago and in the main employers and workpeople have recovered from the demoralisation which followed the war and the present standard of efficiency is relatively high so far as the general body of the population is concerned. Nevertheless, we see year by year a continuing mass of unemployment, dropping occasionally at the most favourable periods of the best years to a million and rising at the worst seasons of the bad years to one-and-a-half millions. When we come to look into causes, we find that the volume of our exports is one-fifth lower than it was in pre-war days, while the volume of imports of competitive manufactured articles is constantly marching upward. These two facts about the condition of our trade are enough to account for the

whole volume of unemployment which now prevails, and I think that this statement of the facts of the situation is accepted by everyone irrespective of the varying methods which may be proposed to deal with it.

When I turn to the Financial Statement of the current year, I find that the estimated revenue from taxation is just under 667 million pounds, while the amount likely to be collected in local rates, after making allowance for de-rating, will be in the neighbourhood of 175 million pounds, or a grand total of 842 million pounds. Basing myself on the estimate of the national income deduced from the Census of Production of 1924, and taking into account the increase in the numbers of persons at work and the decrease in the level of prices, it is probable that the aggregate income of all the people in this country is in the neighbourhood of 4,200 million pounds, so that the total tax burden can be given with a considerable measure of precision as being one-fifth of the total income of the people.

There is no nation in the world which transfers to the national and local Government for collective spending such an enormous proportion of its income.

Directly or indirectly the greater part of this taxation is an addition to the cost of British goods. It is true that income tax is theoretically a tax only on profits and not an addition to the cost of goods, but, nevertheless, there are large numbers of salaried employees who receive higher salaries than they would do if the rate of income tax were lower. The higher rate of income tax by helping to make money dear also is a factor in transferring part of the burden of income tax to the price of goods, while every producer, bearing in mind the fact that he will have to pay such a large sum in income tax, is constantly seeking to force up the price of his goods in the hope of recouping part of the tax burden.

It would take too long to present the arguments in respect of other taxes which are not in their initial incidence taxes on production, but which in the long run operate in that way.

The Colwyn Commission in their Report did not take quite this view, but it is practically impossible to find a business man who is not absolutely convinced

that a great many of his difficulties arise from the crushing burden of taxation.

In other words, a substantial part in the decrease in our exports of one-fifth, and a substantial part of the growing success of our competitors in selling foreign manufactured goods in these islands are a direct consequence of the excessively high burden of taxation which we are carrying in this country.

When we study that invaluable document published year by year by the Treasury showing the total expenditure under certain Acts of Parliament in respect of public Social Services, we see that a substantial part of our increased burden is not a simple consequence of the War. Of course, the gigantic sum of 355 million pounds a year which we are finding for the interest and repayment of the National Debt is a very serious factor. But against this we have receipts from Reparations, from our Allies and from the Dominions and from other sources resulting from the liquidation of war commitments that reduce the net burden to about 300 million pounds a year, and of this about 45 million pounds consist of the repayment of National Debt held by people in the United Kingdom. This sum, of course, represents a real addition to the capital resources of the country. Accordingly, the effective burden of the National Debt is something between 250 and 260 million pounds a year. This, of course, is serious enough, but it is 100 million pounds less than the gross figure.

When we turn to examine the Treasury document, we find that in 1928 there was expended in Great Britain approximately 366 million pounds on Social Services. The amount actually raised was greater than this, because some of the contributory forms of insurance have incomes greater than their current expenses, on account of the necessity of building up reserves to meet future liabilities, and, accordingly, the total burden is the larger sum of about 379 million pounds, of which 177 million pounds is borne by the National Exchequer; just over 89 million pounds by local rates and over 112 million pounds by contributions of employers and workpeople or out of loans.

It will be seen that the effective burden of these social services is today nearly fifty per cent. greater than the net effective burden of the national debt.

The Treasury document gives comparisons with certain pre-war years. In 1891 the total burden was less than 23 million pounds, in 1901 just over 35 million pounds, and in 1911, the last year before health and unemployment insurance first came into operation, the burden was just over 63 million pounds, equivalent in the present purchasing power of money to just over 100 million pounds, and, if allowance be made for the increased productivity of the country, equivalent to a burden of, perhaps, 120 million pounds. Accordingly, the present burden of social services takes a share of the national income three times as great as that it took in 1911.

I am a strong believer in insurance against the ills of life, and just as I think it desirable that all people who drive motor vehicles should be insured, so I think it desirable that people who are not in a position otherwise to make provision should be insured against the risk of ill-health, unemployment, old age, widowhood and orphanhood.

One of the advantages of being a candidate for Parliament is that one acquires a very intimate knowledge of the lives of the people of all classes, and I know how much real comfort without demoralization has been brought to great masses of people by the system of insurance. But, on the other hand, one sees the signs of the beginning of demoralization and one also realizes that some of the evils which all this legislation exists to cure are, in fact, caused by the financial burden imposed by the legislation.

The mental attitude of the ordinary Socialist on these problems is perhaps more to be pitied than denounced, for in all sincerity, such people apply to national housekeeping, doctrines which they never dream of applying in their own daily lives. I suppose never a week passes in the life of the ordinary Socialist M.P. but there does not happen to him what so frequently happens to me: when passing an attractively dressed shop-window, I see something which I should like to possess, but I abstain

from buying it because the still small voice of a thin banking account whispers to me that I cannot afford that indulgence which would otherwise be so gratifying. The moment the Socialist M.P. finds himself on the platform or addressing the House of Commons, he throws to the winds the very principles on which he conducts his own personal life, and imagines that the mere fact that something is desirable or attractive is in itself a justification for acquiring that thing, irrespective of the cost and the reaction which the cost may have on other social problems.

The present Government has already proposed a number of additions to our burdens. The Widows' Pension Bill, many of the features of which attract most people, will add 5 million pounds to next year's national expenditure, and that burden will increase by one million pounds a year until 1941.

The Unemployment Insurance Bill now before Parliament will cost 12½ million pounds next year, while the proposal to reduce the working hours of miners by half an hour in most districts will, through loss of productive efficiency, add a burden of 15 to 20 million pounds a year, and though this will not be directly borne by the Exchequer, it will have to be borne by the nation.

The proposal to raise the school age to fifteen, which apparently is to be accompanied by a system of maintenance grants, may involve a burden on the Exchequer and on local rates of something between 20 to 30 million pounds a year; while the proposal to ratify the Washington Hours Convention may have such a hindering effect upon the elasticity of management of industrial undertakings as to do the nation incalculable harm without conferring any effective benefit on the manual workers of the country. The bulk of them are by voluntary agreement working under conditions as favourable, though different in form, as those likely to be brought into effect by the ratification of the Convention.

I want to see the British people in regular employment, working under decent conditions of employment with the highest possible rate of remuneration that industry will stand, and I am forced into my criticisms of the growing cost of public social services because I believe that cost has, in fact, reached the point at which it

is hindering the realization of the desire I have just expressed.

Last year when I was visiting Canada with the Empire Parliamentary Delegation, I was, perhaps, asked more questions about " the dole," as unemployment insurance benefit is universally called in Canada and also in the United States, to which I paid a brief visit as well, than upon any other subject. It is, unfortunately, the case that both in Canada and in the U.S.A. our system of unemployment insurance benefit is regarded as a charitable dole, and people were very much surprised indeed when I told them that the employers and workpeople all paid contributions. But, even when I furnished them with that explanation, I found a very wide measure of antagonism to the whole conception, because they felt that the system of insurance tended to limit the desire to work. In general, of course, that is fortunately not true of the bulk of our workpeople, but there is a small section verging on the unemployable who are literarily dole-drawers. The existence of this section of the community is having some undermining effect upon the character of the class immediately above them, and there is a risk of an upward spread of the demoralization. I believe that this risk is likely to be most seriously increased by certain very unfortunate clauses in the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

It seemed to me that the people I met both in Canada and the United States thought many of our social services were likely to have the effect of weakening the moral fibre of our people, and most people in those countries were opposed to adopting such systems there. This is all the more remarkable because in those countries there is no general system of Poor Law Relief such as we have, and unemployed people, when trade is really bad, have to put up with a degree of hardship greater than that which has been experienced by people in the United Kingdom. On the other hand, though from time to time they have had bad bouts of unemployment in those countries, both of them have avoided the long period of distress from which we have suffered, and I certainly think there is a measure of evidence from this fact in support of the contention that much of the continued

unemployment in this country is the product of the schemes intended to relieve unemployment and other social risks.

It will be observed that on three occasions in this article my line of thought in approaching the problem from different angles leads me to the same conclusion.

In order to avoid bringing in another controversy, I have abstained from referring to the development of home trade and inter-imperial trade by the free use of all fiscal weapons, but I cannot abstain from saying that I firmly believe that the free use of the fiscal weapon would enable us to carry the burden of the growing social services far more easily than it can be carried at the moment.

I find it quite impossible to understand the working of the minds of those people who use the power of the State freely to heap burden upon burden on industry and yet regard it apparently as almost a breach of the moral law to assist British industry against its competitors.

Dominion Status for India—A Will-o'-the-Wisp

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

THE "Problem of India" was admirably discussed in the June number of this REVIEW by Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, who, as a member of the Indian Public Services Commission, had enjoyed opportunities of seeing that problem from various angles, and, as a member of the Coalition Government which passed the Reforms Act of 1919, was in a position to know what was contemplated by Mr. Montagu, the chief author of the scheme, and the government which translated it into legislation. His conclusion, based on cogent reasons, is that though Dominion Status was the ambition of (certain) Indian political leaders, "On any reading of the situation India is in an utterly different position from the self-governing White Dominions of the Crown."

Within the last month we have had from the Viceroy in India, immediately after his return from consultation with the new government here, the astonishing declaration, made without qualification or condition, that "the natural issue of India's constitutional progress is Dominion Status." Doubtless a similar announcement would have been simultaneously made by the Secretary of State in Parliament. But the storm of opposition aroused in the Press and among the Conservative and Liberal parties, representing a substantial majority in Parliament and the country, prevented such action. The announcement of the Viceroy, approved by the government, was promptly challenged in the Lords by the late Viceroy and late Secretary of State, the Earls of Reading and Birkenhead, who extracted from Lord Parmoor the admission that no change of the policy and conditions embodied in the Act of 1919 was contemplated. In the Commons the same issue was raised. Mr. Baldwin, while admitting that he had personally favoured the declaration, subject to the assent of the Simon Commission and the approval of his colleagues, made it clear that his consent was withdrawn when he found these conditions not forthcoming But probably from chivalrous

loyalty to a former colleague he failed to press for the categorical statement that the announcement indicated no new policy. Mr. Lloyd George, who was in a position to say that his government in the Act of 1919 never envisaged anything so inapplicable to Indian conditions as Dominion Status, pressed for an assurance; but the Secretary of State evaded the demand by a contemptuous reference to Mr. Lloyd George's small following. Fortunately the Conservative party did not let the matter rest there, but on November 11, the Prime Minister, who has the advantage of knowing India and is probably not too well-pleased with the manner in which this delicate matter has been mishandled in his absence, with the flouting of the Simon Commission and the breaking of the party truce by his over-zealous lieutenants, wrote to Mr. Baldwin:—

> The answer to both parts of the question "Whether the Viceroy's declaration implies any change in the policy hitherto disclosed or in the time when this status (responsible government) may be attained" is "No." The policy, as you will remember, is set out in the Government of India Act, 1919, and it stands unchanged unless and until Parliament decides to amend that Act.

Nothing could be more definite. This assurance clears up the situation in this country. But it is to be feared that the Viceroy's announcement, though intended to allay political agitation in India, is regarded alike by our friends and foes there as a surrender to the Swarajists who had threatened to inaugurate a campaign of civil disobedience from January 1 unless their demand for Dominion Status was conceded. They now find the expectations of the dawn of the new era, acclaimed by the Indian extremists and their friends here, doomed to disappointment; for the Simon Commission still holds the field, and it is doubtful if the wilder spirits will find consolation in the prosaic but substantial concession that all shades of British–Indian opinion, as well as the Indian Princes, will be called into conference by the government here to consider the Simon Report before the future course of legislation is decided upon. The next few weeks may witness strange reactions and fresh groupings among Indian politicians, but the situation will not be cleared till the National Congress, representing chiefly the Hindu extremists, and the Muslim League, fairly representative of politically-minded Mohammedans, hold

their respective Sessions in Lahore at Christmas. Such is briefly the present situation.

But though the Viceroy's reference to Dominion Status was ill-advised and inopportune as regards India, it has had the advantage of arousing public interest here and of provoking a wide and searching discussion in the Press of Indian political conditions. What is this Dominion Status that advanced Indian politicians demand?

The term is one of the vaguest; it has had different meanings at different times. Since the Imperial Conference of 1926 it has acquired a significance far beyond its earlier meaning; and even today it means different things in the various Dominions.

But generally it may be said that all the British Dominions have a sense of national unity and common citizenship, are largely homogeneous in race, language and civilization, have grown up in the British tradition of democratic institutions and self-government, have given practical proofs that they are able not only to govern but to defend themselves. And so from small beginnings as colonies of the Motherland, they have risen gradually to be autonomous states, then to federation, and finally to the status of nations in the British Commonwealth of Nations under the common sovereignty of the King. Since their position as independent and fully self-governing nations was recognized—some think too unrestrictedly—in 1926, the Premier of South Africa has publicly stated that, if a majority of the Union decided to walk out of the Empire to-morrow, there was nothing to stop them, but he, personally, was unwilling to take any such step. Lately the Premier of Canada has made a similar declaration; while, in the Irish Free State, the assertion of independence has gone so far as to place a ban on the Union Jack and the National Anthem, to reject the authority of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the final Court of Appeal, and to eliminate the effigy of His Majesty from the coinage and the postage stamps. The Indian extremists, while barren of anything constructive, are quick imitators. It is this extreme conception of Dominion Status, as a means of getting rid of British rule, that appeals to them; indeed, the National(!) Congress and the framers of the Nehru Report have made it clear that, while some of them will graciously retain the King-Emperor as King of the

future Indian Dominion, that is not "to restrict the liberty of action of those political portions whose goal is complete independence"! Mr. Moti Lal stands for the former policy, his son Mr. Jawahir Lal, the President-elect of the coming Congress, for the latter.

The claim is based on the assumption that "India" *is* a nation, that the Congress leaders *are* its mouthpieces, and as such, demand Dominion Status at once or, failing that, civil disobedience from January 1. That means, in the words of Mr. Moti Lal, "revolution" to overthrow the British Raj by methods which he would limit to "non-violent," while many of his followers repudiate any such restriction. Indeed, Mr. M. N. Roy, the Indian revolutionary representative in the Third International at Moscow, scoffs at "non-violent revolution" as being as absurd as to talk of a "vegetarian tiger."

Now if India *were* a "Nation" and made a united demand on these lines, we could not and we would not reject it, subject to adequate guarantees for our vested interests and the safety of our Empire. *Is India a Nation?*

Lord Passfield, the Secretary of State for the Dominion and Colonies, is obviously the best qualified in the present government to define the essentials of nationhood. Speaking a few weeks ago at the Canada Club, he said they were three: (1) the idea of being a nation; (2) a national history; (3) common hopes and aspirations—all of which were fulfilled in the case of Canada.

Apply those tests to India.

(1) India has no idea of being a "nation"; no Indian language has a term to express the word. India is a *colluvies gentium*, a collection of all the races known to Europe and Asia, aboriginal, Dravidian, Aryan, Scythian, Mongol, Semitic. Owing to the caste distinctions established by the Brahmans (responsible for the branding of 60 millions of their own people as hereditary "Untouchables") and the racial and religious antagonisms created by the alien Muslim conquests extending over seven centuries, there has been little or no fusion, no real approach to a common nationality. The great Akbar over 300 years ago strove hard to bring about such a fusion between Muslim and Hindu—the

two most outstanding, though by no means the only, lines of cleavage. If anyone could have succeeded, it was he; he failed because Hindus and Muslims were equally hostile to his ideal. That hostility is stronger than ever today, and every year (since 1921) hundreds of lives have been lost in sectarian strife.

(2) There is in India no national history because there has never been any nation or national unity. Now and again for a few generations the greater part of the sub-continent was brought under the sway of a single Indian ruler; but the last occasion was over 1,500 years ago, and the possibility of its recurrence was swept away by the successive Muslim invasions, Arab, Afghan, Turk, Persian and Moghul, which established alien dominion over most of India for the seven centuries prior to British rule. There was nothing national about any of these dynasties; even under the broad-minded Akbar, more than three-fourths of the higher offices were filled by Muslims imported from Persia and Central Asia.

(3) It follows from what I have pointed out that there could not, and cannot, be any hopes or aspirations common to India as a whole.

The foreign invasions and in some cases the religious intolerance of the Muslim conqueror aroused resistance in a few of the more martial subject races, notably the Mahrattas and the Sikhs, the only two communities which have made any approach to "nationhood." But even among them the inevitable sectional and disruptive tendencies soon appeared. Perhaps the most effective summary of these contentions lies in two historical facts. (*a*) From the dawn of Indian history down to the rise of British rule none of the innumerable invasions of India by sea or land ever failed. Why? There was no lack of brave men in Northern India, but there was no nation, no national spirit to resist the invader. (*b*) Since the rise of British rule no invasion of India has ever succeeded, and only one (that of the Amir Aman Ullah in 1919) has been attempted. The moral is obvious.

But the 150 years of British rule have not only protected India from invasion by sea and land; they have also given India an internal security she had never known before and a form of administration based on indigenous institutions developed by British experience, British brains, capital and enterprise, which has raised

India from being the cockpit of Asia to a level of material progress and civilization which, though below that of Europe, is far above that of any Oriental country, Japan alone excepted.

That progress has led to the demand of the small, but very vocal and therefore politically influential, section of western-educated Indians, drawn from the few higher literary castes, for a greater share in the administration and in the government. The Montagu-Chelmsford reforms embodied in the Act of 1919 are the post-war response to the demand for self-government formulated during the war, when the doctrines of nationality and self-determination were popular allied slogans.

The Act of 1919 was admittedly an experiment—a daring and some think a rash one—in the direction of self-government, mainly in the Provinces, and to a limited extent in the Central government.

The statutory conditions which were to regulate that experiment and which had to be fulfilled before Parliament would consider any further advance were most explicit, but they have been absolutely ignored by the Indian Swarajists. They have done all they could to wreck the substantial measure of self-government granted 10 years ago, and to prevent any investigation of its working. Now they have the insolence to demand immediate Dominion Status *or* civil disobedience and revolution.

The task of the Simon Commission is to examine the working of the reforms of 1919 and to advise Parliament whether to "extend, modify or restrict the degree of responsible government" then granted. Their conclusions will be formulated within the next few months regardless of Lord Irwin's announcement and of the Congress threats. An enormous body of evidence has been taken by them here and in India in conjunction with the all-India Committee representing the Central Legislature and committees representing each provincial legislature.

From this published evidence certain provisional deductions can be made regarding the three main lines of constitutional advance opened up by the Act of 1919.

(*a*) *Increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration.*

No genuine complaint can be made that this policy has not been most liberally interpreted. Many, indeed,

Indians as well as British, think that the pace has been so fast as to imperil the efficiency of the administration and the welfare of the 97·5 per cent. of the population who have no vote and take no interest in politics, but desire the maintenance of those standards of honest and impartial administration which have been established by British rule and cannot be secured without a substantial British element in the services. That element is being rapidly eliminated in deference to the wishes, not of the masses, who almost invariably prefer a British official to one of their own people, but to the ambitions of the small politically-minded class.

Only a few services, including the I.C.S. and Police, still remain all-Indian or Imperial services, guaranteed by the Secretary of State with the proviso that the British personnel shall not fall below 50 per cent. That proviso, if maintained, will secure the retention of some 1,000 British Officials, 600 in the I.C.S. and 400 in the Police, for a population of 320 millions, as against 1,900 in the past. The margin of security is dangerously low, for in the oft-recurring racial and religious conflicts the general demand of all parties is for the impartial British official, and the supply is no longer equal to the demand.

Almost all the other services—Public Works (excluding Irrigation), Forests (in some Provinces), Education, Agriculture, Veterinary, Excise and Public Health, have been provincialized, and it rests with the Indian Minister to decide whether in future any British officials shall be recruited. In practice not one has been recruited in many services for the last five years, and the reports of the recent Commissions on Agriculture and Education show how serious has been the deterioration owing to the disappearance of the small British personnel, and how difficult it is to secure men of the calibre that has created the wonderful progress of the last 50 years, unless they are restored to the status of all-India, *i.e.*, Imperial services. The British officials in all those great services responsible for the development of India's resources, once about 2,000 in number, are rapidly disappearing, and in another ten years only a few hundred will be left. The interests of the masses are being callously sacrificed to the ambitions of a few. But the Simon Commission will have a good deal to say on the subject.

(2) *Gradual development of self-governing institutions.*

In carrying out this branch of the reforms the tribe, the village community, and the Panchayit or caste council, which contain the germs of indigenous self-government, have been ignored completely. The next stage is represented by the municipal and district boards created by the British within the last 60 years and corresponding roughly to our borough and county councils. These in the past were mainly elective, but were subject, like the corresponding bodies here, to a measure of administrative control; some of the more important municipal, and most of the district, boards had an official chairman, often at their own desire, to hold the scales even.

Under the Reforms scheme this control has almost entirely disappeared; the boards have been given a free hand and many of them have grossly abused their powers. The municipality of Calcutta, the greatest city in India, is today a by-word for jobbery and inefficiency, and the patronage is one of the most valuable assets of the dominant Swarajist faction.

The government of Behar and Orissa in reporting to the Simon Commission on local self-government write:—

> Misappropriation of public funds is a subject rather for mirth or envy than for reprobation.

Writing of Burma, Sir R. Craddock, the late Governor, states in "The Dilemma in India": "No inkling is given in the report of the dry-rot that is going on below the surface, and of the corruption and embezzlement that distinguish the sphere of local self-government in boards and municipal committees."

Other provincial governments are not so outspoken, but undoubtedly conditions are much the same throughout. It may be argued that the local bodies and those who elect them will learn by their mistakes and accept the advice of those experts to whom they looked for guidance in the past. The Behar Government comment is illuminating:—

> The modern politicians, as elected by the District Boards and Municipalities, have no desire to be trained. They resent interference, and it is not possible for the District Officer to continue making futile attempts to improve matters . . . The people who pay the cost of these mistakes have not even the remotest conception that they have even had the opportunity of making mistakes, and pathetically reproach Government and its officers for allowing these things to be.

Thus in the sphere of local self-government also the interests of the masses are being sacrificed through timid adherence to a formula, to the ambitions of a few corrupt and self-seeking politicians.

Increasing Indianization of the services and the gradual development of self-governing institutions were, according to the Act of 1919, intended to pave the way to

(3) *The progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.*

This phase of the experiment is that on which public attention is mainly concentrated, for the British Parliament as " the judge of the time and manner of each advance," must decide whether the Indian politicians who were afforded such wide opportunities in 1919, have given proof of that loyal co-operation and sense of responsibility which are essential before any advance can be contemplated. Indeed, Parliament has wisely reserved to itself the discretion not only to " extend " but to " modify or restrict," the reforms of 1919. How have they worked?

The evidence taken by the Commission, and the reports of the provincial governments, though perhaps erring in the direction of

> Be to their faults a little blind,
> Be to their virtues more than kind,

show that in three of the nine provinces concerned the new provincial legislatures have, with the aid of a trained body of administrators, whom the Swarajists are clamouring to get rid of, when they could keep clear of communal issues, fairly well controlled the wide field of administration made over to them. That, however, did not include the all important subjects of Law and Order, Land Revenue and Irrigation, or the control of the services in those departments. In four provinces, where the anti-British Swaraj element was strong but not dominant, the councils have been unduly swayed at times by party intrigues, the personal ambitions of the many would-be ministers, and the desire to play to the extremist gallery by adopting an anti-British pose. The administration, in consequence, shows marked deterioration. In the two remaining provinces—Bengal and the Central Provinces—where the Swarajists have usually been in a majority, they have set themselves

to make the working of the reforms impossible, demanding complete Swaraj as their birthright. Hence the administration of these two provinces has often been paralysed, and the Governor, after trying every expedient to make the 1919 reforms work, has been compelled in the interests of the people to resume direct control of the transferred departments. Such resumption is generally welcomed by the people at large, who are disgusted with the antics of their localized representatives; but, of course, this is the negation of the "progressive realization of responsible government."

Unfortunately this same lack of co-operation and of a sense of responsibility characterizes the Swaraj party in the all-India Assembly. That body professes to speak for British India's 247 millions. Whom does it represent? Some half a million actual voters—one in 500 of the population—of which the Swaraj section perhaps might claim 250,000—one per thousand. The dominance of this petty oligarchy, composed mainly of the Brahmans and their allies among the higher Hindu castes, with a few Muslim extremists, is due to their elaborate organization, their control of the press and the platform, and their undue share of the "spoils of office," which enable them to "blood" their hounds or jackals. Space does not permit of any wide survey of the persistent anti-British vagaries of this element in the Assembly. But it has recently used its bare majority to reject the bills for the deportation of alien communists, the creation of an Indian navy, to refuse supply for the Army Department, and refuse co-operation with the Simon Commission.

At the same time it has introduced measures admittedly intended to penalize British Shipping and British imports, its slogan being "Burn everything British but their coal." Sir Basil Blackett, the eminent financier, now a Director of the Bank of England, was for six years as Finance Minister, a member of the Assembly, and for two years the Leader of the House.

In his last address to the Assembly last year, he thus summed up his experience :—

> I feel that at every turn this Assembly is trying to commit political suicide. Every opportunity that is given to it of showing that it has a sense of responsibility and can use it is taken to prove that it is irresponsible.

That is the considered opinion not of an Indian bureaucrat but of a broad-minded British statesman. From this rapid survey the following conclusions appear to be justified:—

1. *India is not a nation.*—It would indeed be a miracle if a sub-continent as large and populous as, but infinitely more diverse and complex, than Europe (excluding Russia), whose 319 millions comprise all the races and religions known to Europe and Asia—who speak 122 separate languages, of whom only 7 per cent. are literate, and only 1 person in 40 has a vote, could at present, or in any future that we can foresee, possess that sense of national unity, equal citizenship, and common aspirations which are the first essentials of nationhood. Externally the Indian Empire may present the appearance of a single political and economic unit. That is the great achievement of British rule which alone holds together that extraordinary agglomeration of races, castes and lands known as British India; while the British Suzerainty also extends over the one-third of the area of India with 72 millions of people governed by the Indian Princes. If British India, or India as a whole, is ever to approach any semblance of national unity, that can only be by the maintenance of the unifying force of a strong Central British-Indian government, responsible to the British Parliament—the very thing which the Swarajists are endeavouring to destroy. Directly the "steel-frame" of British administration, already severely strained, is broken, or seriously weakened by concessions to a spurious nationalism, the whole edifice will collapse, for as one of the Muslim leaders stated two years ago, "The British panacea of nationalism has created not more unity but worse divisions."

2. The laudable aim of the Reforms of 1919, through Indianization of the services and the development of self-governing institutions, to prepare the way for responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire, has had partial success in a few provinces, largely due to the advice and guidance of British administration. Elsewhere there has been a rapid deterioration in the standards of administration, and a general revival of the fierce racial and religious antagonisms that had been kept in check by impartial British rule.

Above all, the attempt to create an all-India Assembly

while there is still no electorate, no diffusion of political intelligence, no sense of responsibility in the electors or the so-called representatives, has placed in power at Delhi a narrow oligarchy drawn almost exclusively from the Hindu privileged classes. Their avowed object is to get rid of British rule, unless their preposterous demands are at once conceded, by the methods of civil disobedience or open revolution. That is the class to which we have given a fictitious importance, and it was to conciliate them that the recent announcement of Dominion Status was made. What has become of our statesmanship?

3. If Dominion Status has been found to be an impossible ideal for Ireland's 4½ millions, owing to a single line of cleavage—religious or racial—between North and South, is it not the height of folly to hold it up as an ideal for India's 319 millions, with their infinite diversity of races, language and cultures and their deep-rooted racial and religious antagonisms? Hitherto we have given India the "Pax Britannica"—perhaps the greatest achievement of our race. Now in its place, are we to offer a sword in "Dominion Status"? Is it just to the Indian masses for whose "welfare and advancement" the British Parliament is responsible? Is it fair to the Indian politicians whom we have to train by slow degrees in the difficult care of self-government in their respective provinces, to ask them to follow, in the ideal of an All-India Dominion, a will-o'-the-wisp which can only lead India back into the morass of civil war, anarchy and invasion in which we found her 170 years ago? Let us make it clear once for all to the Indian politicians that there is no short cut to self-government; that we are willing to assist them, now as in the past, in "the gradual development of self-governing institutions"; that in the last 10 years they have not made the best use of the opportunities given them; and that, while sympathizing with their reasonable aspirations, we are not prepared to sacrifice to their anti-British ambitions the welfare of the 98 per cent. of the population who have no voice in politics, but desire the maintenance of just, impartial British rule.

The New British Doctrine of Mechanized War

By B. H. Liddell Hart

THIS year the War Office raised a landmark in the history of armies by issuing the first official manual of mechanized war. Colloquially, it has been christened the "Purple Book," a title which refers to the colour of its covers and not to the presence of any "purple patches" inside them. For however futuristic the subject, it is treated with the sombre reserve, and in the rather cloudy language, which always characterize an official manual. Hence to appreciate the full import of this potentially epoch-making new doctrine, one must be able "to read between the lines," and interpret their meaning in simple unofficial language.

But even to make the interpretation clear one must understand, first, the psychological, and second, the mechanical conditions which have shaped this doctrine. The former can best be traced through a brief historical outline of the growth of ideas during and since the war, and of their struggle for acceptance.

In the generation before 1914 the military thought of Europe was divided into two schools, one large and the other very small. The first, obsessed by hero-worship of Napoleon and drawing false conclusions from easy victories of the Germans in 1866 and 1870 over the effete professional armies, had a blind faith in the virtue of the massed attack to obtain an early and decisive victory. This school gained control of the European General Staff and the few dubious realists were excommunicated.

The other school found its foremost prophet in a Polish banker, M. Bloch of Warsaw, who analysed the improved range and deadliness of modern weapons and predicted that war would soon develop into a deadlock, with the opposing armies passively entrenched. His was a voice crying in the wilderness—the wilderness of

professional military ritual which suffocates common sense.

Then war came, and within two months his prediction had proved right. Although all armies had neglected the machine-gun, the comparatively few of these weapons that were available sufficed to turn the charging lines of infantry into swathes of corpses. Flesh and blood could not stand against this grim Reaper, and the common sense of the soldiers revolting from the common nonsense of military doctrine, led them to dig themselves in the ground before they were buried in it. A trench was at least preferable to a certain grave.

The lesson might have been learnt beforehand if the generals of Europe had studied the American Civil War intelligently. Therein trenches had followed on the heels of an improvement in firearms far less marked than that which occurred between 1865 and 1914. And in its later stages the war-experienced troops had only attacked whole-heartedly when wise generalship guaranteed them a reasonable chance of success.

But in 1914 the military leaders were extraordinarily slow to realize the resisting power of entrenched machine-guns and barbed wire; and equally slow to lose their faith in the power of numbers, of human tonnage. Fortunately or unfortunately, the infantry masses of Europe were more docile in sacrifice than the intelligent and independent American citizens of half a century earlier. Not more brave, they had less aptitude in avoiding the grave. In consequence, the Grand Duke Nicholas and his successor were able to sacrifice myriads before the Russian peasant at last revolted. Joffre, Foch and Nivelle were able to use up the best manhood of France before the mutinies of 1917 brought this policy to a close—and caused a natural reaction to the other extreme. From July 1916 onwards the British Army in turn poured out its vain libation of blood, leaving it physically and to some extent morally impoverished to resist the German spring offensive of 1918. Great as the recovery of the autumn, and ripened though its skill, it never regained the spirit of the army, the first national army, which went forward so trustingly in 1916 to its first great test.

But if the stock military leaders of Britain were little wiser than their Continental compeers, the mind of the country behind them was less deadened by military ritual. As early as October 1914, several men in high position realized both the completeness and the cause of the deadlock. One was Mr. Churchill and another Sir Maurice Hankey, who had both enjoyed sufficient military experience to illumine and not enough to cramp their thought. At General Headquarters in France there was a third in Colonel Swinton, the soldier-novelist, who, as historian of the Russo-Japanese War, had, almost alone, appreciated its warning.

These men between them, with the aid of technical brains, brought about the tank as an antidote to machine-guns and barbed wire. Although hampered and opposed by military conservatism, and immature in design, the new armour-carrying machine proved its power. By German confession it was the decisive military factor in the tide-turning battles of July and August, 1918.

These wartime tanks were slow, and this condition determined the way they were used. As their speed was roughly a man's walking pace, it was natural to use them as armoured "companions" to the infantry. Crawling just ahead of the infantry, they crushed the man-killing machine-guns which were the deadly foes of the infantry. And the infantry, in turn, were close enough to help in protecting the tank against its own special foe, the field-gun.

Between the practice of the various armies there was little difference, except that the British tanks were "big brothers," and the French tanks "little brothers." The Germans never developed them, for Ludendorff did not put tanks in the "urgent" class of war material until the "black day"—August 8, 1918—had sealed the doom of his own and his country's fortunes.

But the early end of the war nearly spelt the end of the tank in the land of its birth. The Tank Corps was hurriedly reduced, experiments "axed," and thought discouraged. If this was mainly due to the typical reaction of peace, it was also prompted in part by a worthy motive. For soldiers realized the futility and ruinous cost of the long trench deadlock, and their one

desire was to revive the prospect of moving warfare—should war come again. As the tank had been invented to cure the trench deadlock, it was viewed as a purely trench-warfare phenomenon, and opinion assigned it no part in the moving warfare of the future.

But moving warfare could not be revived merely by Couéism. To a realist there seemed even less chance of it than in 1914, for machine-guns were far more numerous and infantry just as vulnerable. Hence any war must soon become a trench war unless something could keep it fluid and prevent a crust hardening.

While the majority of soldiers were content to believe that moving warfare would become possible as soon as the last war was forgotten and the world had been made safe for the Regular Army, the war had at least generated fresh thought in two directions.

One school concentrated on an attempt to see if the development of infantry tactics could provide a means to pierce the machine-gun web and the trench crust. At its head was General Maxse, who had reorganized the training of the British Armies after the disasters of March 1918 and in time for the victory offensive of the autumn. Through him I was called in after the Armistice to rewrite the official infantry doctrine, and I recast it on the basis of the infiltration method which the Germans had used at Caporetto and in their successive " breaks-through " of 1918. The improvements of detail are too technical for discussion here, but the underlying principle was that instead of attacking the key positions of the enemy directly, and piling up hecatombs of dead in front of them, they were taken indirectly—by pushing past their flanks and straight on, leaving them to be dealt with subsequently when weakened by the moral effect of isolation. This principle was taken from Nature itself, for thus does any torrent or stream take the line of least resistance, first finding a way past an obstacle and then washing away the obstacle by its back eddies, while the head of the stream is flowing on and broadening out afresh.

In face of strong, and often abusive, opposition the new doctrine gained acceptance, and its formerly controversial points are now commonplace. So commonplace

that after ten years of peace-time practice they have become overgrown with the ivy of formalism which is deadening the real life-saving idea of these tactics. One is still confident that in rough and wooded country infantry rightly trained and intelligent might be able to pierce the network of enemy machine-guns. But one is losing faith in the possibility of producing such infantry from the low-grade personnel who are drawn into the ranks in peace time, and whose prospect of developing tactical initiative is lessened by the deadening effect of barrack-square drill and the "nursery" restrictions which unreflecting martinets regard as essential for discipline.

The other original post-war school was a school of one—of one voice, at least. It belonged to Colonel J. F. C. Fuller who, as war Chief of Staff in the Tank Corps, had originated the great surprise of Cambrai, November 1917, when nearly four hundred tanks were suddenly released to overwhelm the Hindenburg line and its defenders, in place of putting them on their guard by the customary artillery bombardment of several days' duration. Now he began to preach the gospel of sea warfare on land, declaring that the tank marked a new epoch in land warfare just as the "Merrimac" and "Monitor" had at sea; that in armour lay the means of salvation against machine-guns and so against the recurrence of trench warfare. He prophesied and advocated the complete mechanization of armies, and proclaimed the abdication of infantry—the former "queen of battles."

At first he was contemptuously dismissed as a mere crank and made few converts. Perhaps I was one of the earliest—at least in open acceptance. Constant debate between us had drawn me over to his side and, somewhat ironically, the final stage of my conversion came when, as a presumed authority on infantry, I was asked to expound the case against mechanization. The best arguments I could find failed to convince one reader—myself.

Henceforth I joined with "Boney" Fuller in leading the advocacy of mechanization, and the fact of my "infantry" predilection being known may have added some value to the reinforcement. The campaign for the

new infantry doctrine was complete; the campaign for a doctrine of mechanized warfare now developed.

Coincidently with this came a technical development in tanks themselves which had an important influence on this doctrine. From 1923 onwards the old heavy war-time machines began to be replaced by lighter and much faster machines with sprung tracks, weighing only eleven tons instead of thirty, and capable of over 20 miles an hour instead of barely 4–5. Even the "rule-of-thumb" soldier saw that to tie these closely to the service of 2–3 miles an hour infantry was manifestly absurd. But the student of history who was also a student of mechanical warfare drew a more far-reaching deduction. His logical vision revealed to him that the new fast tanks were the heirs of the mediæval knights who for a thousand years had dominated the realm of warfare and, by their armoured mobility, had confined infantry to the mountains and to the fortresses.

Gunpowder and his own stupidity had finally deprived the mounted mail-clad knight of his paramount position, but even then cavalry—the mobile arm—had continued to be the decisive instrument of the great captains. When the development of the breech-loading rifle, and then of the machine-gun, sounded the knell of cavalry, warfare became stagnant and indecisive—because generals were left without any arm capable of rapid manœuvre or of exploiting an opening on the battlefield.

But the fast cross-country armoured fighting vehicle promised to revive the protected mobility in which had lain the power of mail-clad cavalry, and so to release generalship from its bullet-forged fetters. Thanks to the scientists, war might once more offer scope for the artist and for rapid decisions instead of a long drawn-out war of trenches. This idea became the new keynote of the advocates of mechanization. For ordinary soldiers it was an idea more easily grasped and more appealing than that of sea warfare on land, and gradually, by constant reiteration, it permeated their minds. The new tanks helped the argument by the mental and moral impression which their terrifying speed created.

In 1925 and 1926 the trickle of converts suddenly swelled into a torrent. There is always a danger in

sudden conversion, for new converts have rarely thought out the foundations of their faith, and so are apt to pervert it. This was to prove no exception. But the theoretical recognition of the new gospel was assured with the appointment of a new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir George Milne. He had been almost the first among the senior generals to perceive the potentialities of mechanization, and his receptiveness of mind was the more notable in view of two factors—that he was close on sixty and a Scot, two factors which imply an extremely cautious outlook. The subsequent history of mechanization in the British Army has been largely determined by the counterpull exerted, on the one hand, by his progressive thought and, on the other, by his instinctive caution.

In 1927 the hopes and pleas of the mechanical warfare advocates were met by the creation of an experimental mechanized force, later rechristened "The Armoured Force." Unhappily, both in direction and equipment, it was a makeshift and a mixture—of old and new. If its first season's trials taught few lessons that we could not deduce by simple reasoning beforehand, and obscured other logical truths through faulty handling, the disappointment was compensated and the faults were corrected by an address from the C.I.G.S. which put the experiment back, in theory at least, on the right lines.

Expectations, however, were again disappointed when 1928 saw no change in the composition and equipment of the force. And once more it was used in bull-headed direct assaults against strong positions whereby its mobility and surprise value were forfeited. No useful lessons could thus be gleaned, except the negative ones of how not to use it.

But with the spring of this year, fresh compensation came with the issue of the new War Office manual, embodying the doctrine of mechanized war thus authoritatively accepted. The advocates of mechanization could at last feel that their case was lifted out of the arena of controversy and their ten years' campaign sealed with success. It now remains for practice to fulfil theory, for equipment to catch up doctrine. Logically, this should be effected by a speedy conversion of the

army and its training from a muscular to a mechanized basis, though unfortunately in army affairs logical deduction rarely merges into logical execution. And the pace of both practice and equipment, at present depressingly slow, suffers extra handicaps in financial stringency, lack of political interest in army reform, and slow promotion —which delays the rise to power of the generation of soldiers who, by direct experience, have learnt the futility of " muscular Martianity." Nor do these exhaust the list. The wave of idealistic pacificism which has submerged this country—without, however, lapping the borders of the rest of Europe—is a psychological handicap, For the soldier, sensitive to it, hesitates to embark upon the necessary reorganization of the army through fear that, when he has cut away the dead branches, a political frost will nip the new shoots. His attitude may be shortsighted, for the risk of too small an army is less than that of too dead an army, but it is human.

Here, however, we are concerned with doctrine and not with equipment, except in one way—the influence of mechanical conditions upon the form of the new doctrine. For just as it received a great impulse from the introduction in 1923–24 of the first Vickers tank (now called the " Medium " tank), so fresh inventions have helped to mould its outline. Technical design has, indeed, made great strides in these past few years. Not so much from direct War Department research, which has been hampered by its small scale, and by frequent diversion of energy on " white elephant " experiments initiated by senior officers who have not properly thought out the question of mechanical warfare. But private or ordinary service engineers have been fertile in ideas.

The first was the invention of a one-man tank by Major G. Le Q. Martel. This first " baby " machine was built as a spare-time hobby in his private garage, and used to be left outside his front door at night like a mechanical watch-dog. Martel argued that, as an air pilot could fly his machine and fire his machine-gun simultaneously, so could a tank driver, and he proved his case. But the authorities, arguing that the average tank driver would not be a Martel, demanded a two-man machine. A civilian engineer produced such a machine to carry

two while being even smaller and lower, and hence offering less target than the original one-man tank. This new Carden-Loyd machine of 1926 was originally a wheel-cum-track vehicle, with a speed of 30 m.p.h. on its wheels and about half that speed on its tracks. Since then its design has been so improved that the wheels have been abandoned, while its maximum speed is as high on tracks as it was on wheels. This summer some 250 of these Carden-Loyds (fitted with Ford engines) were issued to the troops, part of them being used as light tanks and part as armoured machine-gun carriers for the infantry. Meantime an improved Carden-Loyd light tank has been designed—with thicker armour and more powerful motor, slightly larger, and considerably faster—and is under trial.

As the invention of the first fast medium tanks portended the revival of cavalry's old decisive rôle, so the "baby" tank promises not only to amplify this rôle, but to replace infantry except in very wooded or mountainous country. It may be regarded as a revival of the old dragoons or mounted infantry, with the additional advantage of armour, so that it can not only move swiftly from point to point like its horsed forerunners, but can preserve and use this mobility on the battlefield.

To realize its advantages let us compare it with the present infantryman. To close with his opponent he may often have to cross a space of a mile under machine gun fire and rifle fire. Hampered by his equipment and the need of stopping to fire, he can rarely hope to traverse this space in less than half an hour, and often longer. And all the time his body is exposed to bullets, unless the ground is very broken or wooded. In contrast, the "light tankman" can be across and on top of his foe within five or six minutes. During this short exposure his body is protected by armour against bullets, except armour-piercing bullets fired by a special weapon. Moreover, he can fire as he moves, and although his "moving" fire may not be accurately aimed, it will create a "hailstorm" of bullets most disturbing to his opponent's accuracy of aim.

Compared with the larger tank, the "baby's"

advantage lies in its smallness and invisibility. This advantage is multiplied by numbers, which is the old infantry principle—in a new form—of dispersion to avoid enemy fire. These numbers are the best safeguard against the special anti-tank weapons which an enemy may possess, and are made possible by the relative cheapness of the light tank. At present its cost is only £500, and although the improved type costs treble, this is far less than the £8,000 (or more) of the medium tank. In mass production, of course, the cost of all types would be much reduced.

The other noteworthy mechanical "birth" of the past few years has been that of the six-wheeler, produced by the engineers of the Royal Army Service Corps. As a reward for their efforts they were speedily deprived of the opportunity for further research which, in a redistribution of duties, was transferred to a less mechanically experienced branch of the service. But this was too late to mar their offspring, which had matured so rapidly that within a brief time it was being manufactured by numerous civil motor firms for commercial as well as military use. In the Dominions especially, where roads are scarce and bad, such a vehicle has wide scope as a freight-carrier and so promises a civil reserve for conversion to military use in case of war. The six-wheeler, if not so good across country and trenches as a whole-track machine, has proved superior to the half-track and still more to any four-wheeled vehicle—even the Ford! If the Ford could carry British troops across the uplands of Persia to the Caspian, and carry the Roy Chapman Andrews expedition across Mongolia, few areas should defeat the six-wheeler. And it has already proved its capacity and endurance in severe tests on the wild North-West frontier of India.

As a fighting vehicle, its lesser cross-country power and its vulnerable tyres handicap it in comparison with the tank, although it profits from a higher road speed and lesser wear and tear. Nevertheless, the latest armoured-cars are being made of this type, and in such a rôle the six-wheeler has wide scope. On the other hand, it is being relieved of its 1927 functions

as a machine-gun carrier by the Carden-Loyd, which is a much smaller target and easier to armour.

But for all transport purposes the six-wheeler is recognized as the standard type of the future, and as an artillery tractor it is more efficient and more economical as well as more mobile than the horse team. This year nearly all the Territorial artillery went to camp with six-wheelers instead of horses, and in consequence these citizen artillerymen have been able to spend most of their time in gunnery training instead of in trying, with much sweat and cursing, to train their obstinate horse teams.

I have now outlined the mechanical foundation on which the new doctrine of war has been built up. As a prologue to the doctrine itself, two highly significant changes were made in the old "general" manual—"Field Service Regulations." The sentence, "Infantry is the arm which in the end wins battles," was cut out, and infantry were deprived of the empty compliment of calling them "the decisive arm." Since 1914 its absurdity had been apparent to any logical thinker and now this is at last recognized by authority.

The new manual goes still further towards realism by declaring that the "machine-gun, in the hands of the enemy, makes open ground virtually impossible in daylight to attacking infantry, and immobilizes them unless they are supported by an overwhelming artillery concentration. . . ." This statement meets the arguments which have been continually on the lips of the reformers, and the qualifying "unless" means nothing —as no nation could hope to provide sufficient shells for such a bombardment until its munition factories had enjoyed a year of wartime expansion. Even then, such a bombardment, as the last war proved, frustrates its own purpose by putting the enemy on the alert and by making the ground impassable.

In contrast, the new manual declares that the mobility of armoured fighting vehicles (called A.F.V.'s for short) "in formed bodies is at least double that of infantry formations and is likely to increase. Their power of endurance is much greater and they are less vulnerable to air and gas attack." It then emphasizes their

" moral and material effect " on other troops and says, " They can, in fact, render immobile, by threat alone," old-style infantry formations. And it forecasts strategic moves of as much as 100 miles a day by mechanized forces.

In the new organization the brigade supersedes the large and clumsy division as the basic higher formation, and each brigade is to consist of units similar in characteristics. This concedes another point of the reformers. For the original mechanized force was an unmanageable mixture of tanks, self-propelled guns, tractor-drawn guns, unarmoured machine-guns, and infantry in open motor-lorries which hindered each other more than they helped. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that the U.S. experimental force, formed a year after ours, not only failed to profit by the British mistake but increased the illogical mixture of types.

In future, the new British formations will be either light or medium armoured brigades. A " light " brigade will comprise simply two or three battalions of light tanks and a battery of close support tanks—omitting ordinary artillery—with the possible addition of an armoured-car regiment. Two regular cavalry regiments have already been converted into armoured cars.

A " medium " brigade will comprise one battalion of medium tanks, two of light tanks, and two batteries of close support tanks. The light tanks will serve as " feelers " and as a mobile " fire-screen " for the medium tanks, which will then deliver the knock-out punch.

At the same time the new doctrine still visualizes the use of the older formations (such as infantry divisions), but in a modernized form. This year, in fact, has been devoted to experiments in such modernization. In the infantry brigade, one battalion of infantry has been replaced by a battalion of light tanks, while each of the remaining three battalions has been provided with mechanized transport and with Carden-Loyds for its machine-guns. In addition, a battery of mechanized Stokes mortars has been provided. The result, certainly, has been to persuade the average infantryman of the advantage of going to battle in an armoured " pill-box " instead of on his flat feet ! And the difficulty has been

to induce him to use his Carden-Loyds as supporting weapons, and not to use them as storm-troops.

Why does the new doctrine desire to retain the old formations, as well as introducing the new? The reason is partly a lingering conservatism and partly the varied types of country in which the British Army may have to operate. The mountains of the Indian frontier always loom large on the British horizon. Hence the new doctrine divides possible war-areas into two kinds—tank-country and infantry-country. The first comprises the plains and undulating ground which fill the greater part of the world's surface, and the doctrine recognizes that the decisive struggles of history have usually been fought out in such areas. The second comprises mountains, forest and swamps, where the man on foot has still the advantage, although even there light tanks and six-wheelers can operate in the valleys and intervals. As their powers increase, the need for infantry is likely to decrease, and only a small proportion will be required as "land-marines" for the "land-fleet."

Thus, in sum, the new British doctrine embodies most of the new gospel which the reformers have been preaching for nearly a decade. If it follows in their wake, it is no longer far behind. In the use of armoured forces, wide manœuvre and the attack on the enemy's rear are to replace the "shunting" strategy of the past half century, and in tactics it looks for guidance to the super-mobile Mongols who swept over Asia and paralysed mediæval Europe. Indeed, the doctrine even recognizes, discreetly, the advantages of a still greater breach with military convention which I have advocated during the past few years—that, although armour gives the new force much greater security in an assault, it should not necessarily be used in an assault.

For if the enemy like to take up strong anti-tank positions, why not let them sit there, while the armoured force interrupts their supplies or switches its fire-power to fresh points where it can similarly paralyse other bodies of the enemy? Instead of risking its armour in close combat, an armoured force might use this protective skin simply for a close approach, not for an attack; to move up to a "fluid" position whence, in comparative

security, it could smother the enemy or cut his arteries of supply by a demoralizing fire.

The suggestion may seem disturbingly original to the orthodox soldier, but originality is the mainspring of successful war, and he who applies a novel device by a novel method has most often attained revolutionary results in history. Napoleon shocked the orthodox soldiers of his day.

So let us coin a new principle for this new force—to strike, by fire alone, at the greatest number of points in the shortest time over the widest area. Never coming close enough to give the enemy a target, yet enticing him to waste his ammunition and keeping his nerves at an exhaustingly high tension. Thus by constant "in and out" approaches an armoured force might reduce a vast infantry army to inertia. Once that happens, a moral rot is likely to set in among the hungry and helpless occupants of ineffective "positions," and in any case they will be easy and crowded targets for air bombers. Thereby an armoured force might achieve the ideal of Marshal Saxe, that connoisseur of the art of war, when he argued that a really able general might win a campaign without fighting a battle at all.

The armies of 1914–18 were like huge fungoid plants, firm-rooted and nourished through long stems. An armoured force has the power to be a deadly vapour "blowing where it lists"—an influence, invulnerable less through its armour than through its power to move, and to move away. Thus it would be intangible and all the more demoralizing.

Von Bülow's Chancellorship

By Charles Tower

WHATEVER degree of responsibility for the world-war history may assign to Bernhard von Bülow, it must be difficult for anyone who remembers him in his heyday not to sympathize with the beclouded old age of that Grand Seigneur, who came as near personally to combining the Courtly and the Comfortable, "French Polish and German *Gemütlichkeit*," as, I think, was ever achieved. He did not quite succeed and, indeed, if he had, he would still have failed typically to represent his age in Germany, because before Germany herself could produce the amalgam the *Gemütlichkeit* had vanished, to be replaced only by the New Barbarism, which retained the old crudities but decked them out with a superfluity of expensive gilding. When von Bülow fell, it was no more than a step or two from the old-fashioned and homely brown window-blinds of the Foreign Office in the Wilhelmstrasse to the garish brilliance of the plus-quam-Parisian resorts in or off the Friedrichstrasse. Germany herself changed more in the nine years of von Bülow's chancellorship than in the next five which led to the war. If I may use the phrase without today being guilty of unnecessary offence, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." When von Bülow came from the Embassy in Rome to the Wilhelmstrasse, nominally to assist but soon to replace the "Chancellor fainéant," Prince Hohenlohe, not even his unimpeachable record as a Bismarckian quite reconciled the "old school" to him whom Beaconsfield had once described as "the best-looking, best-dressed and best-mannered" young gentleman of his acquaintance. *Fortiter in re* was a pleasantly familiar and acceptable precept; but *suaviter in modo*, unless it was a feline patting of a captured mouse, was neither so familiar nor so acceptable. Yet von Bülow's "diplomatic manner" did eventually make itself accepted and even admired. In the Reichstag matters were no doubt different. But von Bülow showed much skill, cynical though it may have been, in juggling with the fractions making up that assembly, even though there were probably few in it who appreciated his talent. And if there was always a measure of contempt in his methods, it was not overlooked even then that his personal political bias was towards the Prussian Conservatives. One of their members aptly summarized their feeling toward

the Reichstag when he suggested that there should be sent "a lieutenant and ten men to shut the booth." Von Bülow, it is true, took steps at times to gloss over his dislike of the "political egg-dance," and he almost persuaded members of the Reichstag that he was glad to see them at the formidable "crushes" in the Chancellor's palace. But he was scarcely less suave at the similar "crushes" given to members of the German Press, though his reign was all but over before German journalists had really emerged from the stigma of "hunger-candidates." It needs to be remarked, however, that in the fourth chancellorship official methods of dealing with the Press had already begun to be modified; and Hammann, Holstein's less remarkable imitator in the rôle of "grey cardinal," himself related on one occasion that von Bülow had delivered a private lecture on how to handle "the gentlemen of the press," which considerably surprised some members of the Foreign Office staff to whom, apparently, it was addressed. That was about the time of the Algeciras conference, and perhaps in consequence of it for a time Hammann left less work in the press-bureau to his gentle but inflexibly gramophonic subordinate and became almost loquacious on his own account.

Von Bülow's difficulties—which it is fair to remember when one recalls also his international infidelities—were not only due, then, to the autocratic and overweening self-confidence of his Imperial master. They were also due to a considerable extent to Germany's own changing circumstances. When the Emperor declared that German diplomacy must become commercialized, he was not so much prophesying as recording. There was a much greater and probably also a much earlier pressure upon the Wilhelmstrasse from the expanding foreign commerce and enthusiastic enterprise of the German business world than ever appeared to those whose eyes were still chiefly directed towards East-Elbian junkerdom. It is well to remember the Kaiser's angry retort, "*Gebaut wird er doch*" ("But it will be built") to Conservatives who opposed the Midland Canal scheme, intended to link the agricultural East and the industrial West. The Kaiser's "Kurs" and the Conservative Kurs were by no means always identical. No doubt von Bülow did truckle to and even foster the

Kaiser's own semi-hysterical view of German aggrandisement under his own ægis, but I think it too much to deny that the Chancellor's natural Conservatism saw any danger in an expansiveness which so exceeded the Bismarckian limits in which he had been schooled. To the charge that, if he saw the danger ahead, he did nothing to steer Germany away from it, it must, I think, be reasonably admitted that his supple nature could not in any case make him a strong and determined pilot, but should also be suggested that a stronger than he might not have resisted the current which at that time was already sweeping Germans—and not the Kaiser only —off their feet.

At a distance of time it may be possible to mistake the characteristics of the storm which broke out over the *Daily Telegraph* interview and to which, in the following year, von Bülow really fell a victim. It is true that the failure of German diplomacy at Algeciras in 1906, followed next year by the Anglo-Russian Middle East conventions, had already shaken the Emperor's confidence in von Bülow's skill as a diplomatist, nor did the circumstances of the Bosnia-Herzegovina annexation do much to restore it. But the Kaiser was smarting under quite other blows of a more personal character when von Bülow failed, as the " All-Highest " thought, fitly to champion him in the autumn of 1908. It would be, I think, much to misinterpret that strange period of German history if one were not to reckon with the Camarilla scandal.

Germans of the first part of this century were not notoriously squeamish in matters of morality. At all events, Harden's *Zukunft* did not cease to be read by highly respectable citizens after the amazing number in which " the German Tacitus " set out the indescribable details of the Allenstein case, details which would not have been passed, I think, even by the author of " La Garçonne." So the abnormalities charged against the " mystic circle," including " Pettikins " and " the flute-player," which claimed, or was said to have claimed, to " ring about Himself so that he can never escape," might have been passed with the same grin which greeted lewd yarns retailed at the famous " Gentlemen's Evenings " after the Kiel regatta, if vice had been the worst characteristic of the Camarilla. As for the mysticism, I believe the police did seize and suppress all copies they

could find of the little pamphlet about the Kaiser and the Magic Circle. There were described in it the "mystic Hammer of Thor" which he was said to carry in a special pocket, and the "piece of the materialized robe of a spirit" which was said to lie between the two covers of his watch. The general charge was brought there also that the mystic circle had completely enfolded him. If the impression was given that the Kaiser had mixed himself up dangerously with some occult lodge of *soi-disant* masonry, even this would probably have been forgiven and speedily forgotten in the surge of general German prosperity, not at all unsuitably represented by the Kaiser's love of display.

An Emperor who dabbled in everything, to whom the British Ambassador applied Juvenal's description of the "esurient Greek," might well be expected also to interest himself for a time in occultism. But the suspicion began to be aroused that, in addition to an intelligible if excessive megalomania, the Kaiser was also suffering, at any rate morally and intellectually, from a defective spinal cord. The Reichstag might storm about the exhibition of "personal regime" in the *Daily Telegraph* incident, and von Bülow might reassure them as to its disappearance in the future; but what Germans really feared was not that the Kaiser was too strong and independent a character, but rather that he was the reverse. What men vaguely feared was not the Throne, but the unseen, possibly undetected and therefore alarming "influences" behind the Throne. This fear Harden had instilled, and it was against this fear that von Bülow's halting speech in the Reichstag was no defence. "*They* have lied to you, Herr Kaiser," wrote Harden in the third of his once famous *Gegen den Kaiser* articles of November, 1908. But what Germans asked was, "Who are 'they'?" The Kaiser was not and could not be unaware of the uneasy feeling which had grown up. He might and probably would have forgiven his Chancellor very readily for failure to defend him from a charge of autocracy, for William II was still the sovereign who declared that "My course is the right course and we shall continue to steer by it." But he was not likely to forgive him for failing to protect him against the suspicion of being the weak-spined marionette of skilful wirepullers behind the scenes.

The New Despotism*

By C. H. S. Fifoot

THE publication, during the currency of his office, of a work by the Lord Chief Justice of England, and upon such a theme as the relation between the Government Departments and the Courts, is an event of the first magnitude alike in literature and in law. The inveterate seeker after precedent is forced for parallel as far back as the time of Coke, the complexion of whose reports gave offence to Bacon and his royal master. The comparison is not without significance. The constitutional struggle of the seventeenth century is being re-fought in our time under conditions less favourable to the cause of liberty. Then, as now, the executive emerged from a period of crisis armed with peculiar privileges and eager to assuage in peace the appetite awakened in war. Then, as now, the Lord Chief Justice and the common lawyers accepted the challenge and opposed to this despotic spirit the traditions and principles of a national jurisprudence. But, whereas under Coke and Eliot a determined and united Parliament was ranged against the Crown, the experience of the last twenty years has convinced the modern bureaucracy that it can rely with tolerable certainty upon the acquiescence, if not the connivance, of the legislature. The sole remaining check upon the encroachment of the executive—the controlling authority of the Courts—is being sedulously undermined by each successive statute that withdraws cases from the ambit of their jurisdiction; and the process is likely to continue until public opinion is marshalled to prevent it. To this end the publication of Lord Hewart's book is appropriately directed.

The attacks of the bureaucracy have developed, as Lord Hewart points out, along two main lines of approach. In the first place, the complexity of modern civilization and the increasing incursions of the State into every department of life necessitate a constant flow of rules and orders to regulate the *minutiæ* with which Parliament, engaged in the promulgation of general

* "The New Despotism." By Lord Hewart of Bury. Benn. 21s.

principle, cannot grapple, and the result is to create in each branch of the civil service a source of authoritative legislation. Thus in 1927 the rules issued by Government Departments under the ægis of some statute covered over 2,000 closely printed pages, while the number of Acts of Parliament passed in the same year amounted to forty-three. It is, moreover, by the meticulous phraseology of these rules rather than by the generalizations of the Statute-book that the life of the ordinary citizen is affected. The existence of this phenomenon, in itself sufficiently disquieting, was not unknown to the Victorian lawyers who were old-fashioned enough to assert their belief in the sovereignty of Parliament and who sought to control the activity of the Departments by emphasizing the subordinate character of their legislation. Its authority was not to be inherent, but to depend in every case upon the particular clauses of some Act of Parliament, and, unless supported in this manner, it could be disregarded by the citizen and dismissed by the judges.

While so circumscribed, the law-making power of the Departments, though inconvenient in form, was not dangerous. But the new bureaucracy, taught by the lessons of the war, has learned how to avoid the irksome restraint of the Courts. Statute after statute has been passed, empowering ministers and their assistants to issue rules and orders which are to have the instant force of law and are not to be questioned in any Court. Lord Hewart gives many examples of such Acts. The most innocuous are those which, while affording to the rules the authority of legislation, provide that they may be annulled by resolution of either House of Parliament within a stated period after their promulgation. Such timidity is scorned by the most modern of our bureaucrats. The latest Acts enable orders to be made which need not endure the degrading formality of Parliamentary approval and are "to have effect as if enacted in the body of the Act." A still more alarming device is to give a minister, "if any difficulty arises in bringing into operation any of the provisions of the Act," full and sufficient power "by order to remove the difficulty and to do anything which appears to him necessary to bring such

provisions into operation." In the process it is apparently immaterial that the wording of the parent Act is altered or its principles upset. Why are these details to stand in the way of the department's policy? Such a clause as this, contained in the Rating and Valuation Act, 1925, was regarded by the Court of King's Bench as " indicating the high-water mark of legislative provisions of this character." Whether or not its draftsmen could lay claim to this proud title is immaterial; the bureaucrat's legislation is hydra-headed and, in one form or another, is ceaselessly striving to destroy the sovereignty of Parliament and to parcel out its powers among the various branches of the Civil Service.

The second line of invasion upon the liberties of the subject is even more insidious in conception and disastrous in result. One consequence of the increased scope of State interference is to multiply the occasions of dispute between the individual and the executive. The fundamental principle of the English constitution, established by the Parliamentary triumph of the seventeenth century, familiarized by the work of Dicey in the nineteenth and emphasized by Lord Hewart in his present volume, is the Rule of Law; the doctrine that the ordinary Courts are the sole judges of all matters, whether between subject and subject or between a subject on the one hand and the State on the other. It is to this doctrine that English and foreign observers alike credit the maintenance of the essential liberties which, as a nation, we have enjoyed untrammelled until the present era. It is upon this doctrine that the modern bureaucracy is concentrating the full weight of its attack. In two valuable chapters Lord Hewart has collected a number of cases and statutes which prove, beyond the possibility of doubt, the existence of this policy. In the result, the citizen, aggrieved by a rule of some Government Department attacking his liberty or invading his property, finds himself denied access to the ordinary courts and condemned to appeal to the very department against whose procedure he is seeking a remedy. The executive, in fact, is prosecutor, witness and judge in one.

In summarizing the attributes which attach to the administration of the law of the land in the ordinary

courts, Lord Hewart refers to the personal responsibility qualifying each decision, the publicity in which trials take place, the uniformity of legal principle upon which they are settled and the facility given to every party for the statement of his case. To these we may fairly add the independence and impartiality of the judges. Few will be heard to deny that these qualities are eminently suited to keep even the scales of justice. Contrast the methods of decision employed by Government Departments. The responsibility is not personal, but departmental; the real author of the judgment may be the minister himself or a clerk in the basement. No publicity is allowed, no report issued, no reasons stated upon which the decision may rest. It is therefore impossible for the most learned lawyer to hazard the least conjecture as to the principle upon which the departmental law is developing. As Lord Hewart says, "even the party in whose favour a dispute is decided must be tempted to look upon the result as a mere piece of luck." The injured party, as is shown by the leading decision in *Local Government Board* v. *Arlidge*, is in most cases given no opportunity of appearing before his judge and stating his case or of cross-examining the witnesses, if any, upon the other side. Finally, whoever the grim but nebulous figure from whom the decision in fact emanates, it is at least clear that he is neither independent nor, from his very status as a member of the department whose policy is in issue, impartial.

Against these manifold defects the rare apologist of the bureaucracy can set with doubtful conviction but the three qualities of economy, rapidity and technical knowledge. Of these the first argument is the most cogent. The cost of litigation is excessive, even if it is often increased by the client's folly in demanding the services of fashionable and expensive counsel. A serious attempt by the legal profession to set its house in order in this particular would remove the only real excuse which the executive can urge in mitigation. The suggestion that the fetish of the Government Department is economy of time and that their procedure may be regarded as synonymous with speed is so grotesque as scarcely to warrant examination. But it is, perhaps, worth noticing that competent observers are prepared

to give this claim the lie direct. Mr. Wiltshire, the Town Clerk of Birmingham, stated in 1924 that his long experience of the methods employed by the Minister of Health in dealing with appeals under the Housing Acts had convinced him "that many matters of trivial importance are introduced and the proceedings generally are of an unnecessarily lengthy character." In the same way the professional associations representing the panel doctors complained to the Royal Commission on National Health Insurance of the delay occasioned by the Ministry of Health in deciding on complaints against practitioners. Finally, the Civil Service may well be reminded that their ranks enjoy no monopoly either in the assimilation or appreciation of technical knowledge. Every judge is familiar with the treatment of professional problems and every counsel knows how to deal with an expert witness. In suitable cases no difficulty would be experienced in arranging for the judge to sit with a technical assessor in accordance with the ordinary procedure in Admiralty cases in the High Court. The fundamental necessity is the presence of a judge whose status and whose training alike impel him to approach the decision of every problem, technical or humane, in a judicial frame of mind.

If these are the questions that await solution, what are the remedies to be propounded? Lord Hewart offers two suggestions for impartial consideration. The first is that a committee be formed in each House of Parliament whose sole task it should be to examine every Bill, as it is introduced, and to expose and denounce every attempt to fetter the courts or impair the authority of the legislature. The second is that the leading newspapers should regard it as one of the appointed duties of their regular staff to second these efforts *ab extra* and marshal the opinion of the public in support. The appointment of a Parliamentary committee seems, indeed, to be the key to the solution. Parliament has given the privileges which the bureaucracy has abused; it is for Parliament to take them away. Lord Hewart suggests that the members of each House provide from their own ranks a voluntary and unofficial committee for the performance of this task. With the rashness of irresponsibility we

would venture to go further and require the appointment of a Standing Committee whose selection and whose duties should be regulated by a Standing Order. The principles upon which such a Committee should act are not difficult to enumerate. On the one hand, no ministerial rule or Order in Council should receive the sanction of the parent Act until formally approved by the Committee within an appointed time; and, even when approved, any person affected by its contents should be free to question its validity in the ordinary Courts. On the other hand, the Committee must be equally resolute to defeat any attempt to confer final judicial power upon Government Departments. If, in any particular case, it is considered proper that initial jurisdiction should be permitted to the department, the complainant must enjoy the right to state his case either in person or by legal representative, to cross-examine the witnesses on the other side and obtain a copy of the judgment that is eventually delivered. Above all, full power must be reserved to appeal to the High Court, or possibly to the Privy Council, either on a point of law or on the ground that the elementary principles of justice have been disregarded.

It is perhaps more than a coincidence that, on the very day that Lord Hewart's book was published, the Lord Chancellor should announce the composition of a committee to consider the powers exercised by Ministers of the Crown by way of delegated legislation and judicial decision and to report "what safeguards are desirable or necessary to secure the constitutional principles of the sovereignty of Parliament and the supremacy of the law." Whatever the burden of this report, a debt of gratitude is due both to the Lord Chief Justice for preparing public opinion to appreciate the gravity of the issues and to the Lord Chancellor for providing the means of their solution. We may be permitted to hope that the Committee will achieve the unanimity which distinguished the views of the body set up in 1921 to consider the cognate subject of proceedings against the Crown, and may be forgiven for suggesting that the report of the Committee should be adopted by the Government with slightly more rapidity.

Proportional Representation

By R. Colnett Wright

THE General Election of 1929 is in many ways one of the most remarkable, if not, perhaps, the most remarkable, in the history of British politics. For the first time, women have formed the majority of the electorate; millions of young women between the ages of twenty-one and thirty have recorded their first vote, and, contrary to the expectations of Mr. Baldwin, their votes have gone almost solidly to swell the Labour majorities in Lancashire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and many of the industrial constituencies in England, Scotland and Wales. Their votes have been one of the chief factors in placing the Labour Government in office. Another factor, and a very important one, which has contributed to this end, has been our antiquated and totally unsatisfactory electoral system.

It is one of the ironies of our electoral system that, since the Armistice of 1918, no Government in this country has represented the opinions of the electorate, as expressed at the ballot boxes.

With the cessation of hostilities on the Continent, Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues went to the country with promises that have made the Election of 1918 memorable as one of the most dishonest and corrupt in the history of British politics. The Coalition swept the country and was returned to power with an overwhelming majority, but the number of members returned as supporters of the Coalition was out of all proportion to the number of votes cast for them. 5,564,318 votes were recorded for the Coalition and Allied Parties, as against 4,132,912 votes for the Labour Party and the Independent Liberals. The Coalition, however, obtained 428 seats and their opponents only 81.

The General Elections of 1922 and 1924 were, in some ways, even more remarkable than the "Armistice Election" of 1918. Both in 1922 and 1924, the Conservative party were returned to power on a minority vote. In both these elections an overwhelming majority of the electorate voted against the Conservative party; in both these elections the Conservative party obtained a

large majority of the seats. In 1922, the Conservative party polled 5,395,647 votes out of a total of 14,188,824, and secured 301 seats out of 555. In 1924, they polled 7,481,799 votes out of a total of 16,120,905, and secured 389 seats out of 573.

The Election of 1929, in the same way, has resulted in a Parliament which in no way can be said to represent the wishes of the electorate, as expressed by their votes. The Labour Party is returned to office on a minority vote. The Conservative Party have polled nearly 300,000 more votes than the Labour Party, yet there are 32 more Labour members returned to the House of Commons than Conservative members. In this Election 8,659,639 votes have been cast for the Conservative Party, 8,385,301 for the Labour Party and 5,309,426 for the Liberal Party. There are only 256 Conservative M.P.s, 288 Labour ones, and only 59 Liberal ones.

The result of the five General Elections that have taken place since the war shows that the Parliaments that have been elected in no way represent public opinion in this country; that millions of electors are not represented in the House of Commons at all, and that, owing to our obsolete electoral system, the result of a General Election, under present conditions, is in the nature of a gamble.

All parties in the State are now agreed that a reform of our electoral system is needed. The only point in dispute is the form this shall take. Three different schemes have been advocated, and an examination of their different merits and demerits is interesting. These schemes are the second ballot, the alternative vote, and proportional representation accompanied by the single transferable vote.

The first of the suggestions to be considered is the second ballot. In general the second ballot takes this form: where three or more candidates stand for one seat and no candidate secures an absolute majority of the votes, a second is held a week or a fortnight after the first election, the two candidates leading on the first ballot standing again.

The second ballot confuses the relations between organized parties. After the first election, the political

situation varies from one constituency to another. In some, a Conservative will be fighting a Labour candidate; in others, Labour will be fighting a Liberal; in still others a Liberal will be fighting a Conservative. It is difficult for a party, when its candidates are fighting under such diverse or opposed conditions, to present a consistent and united front.

Among the countries which tried the second ballot was New Zealand, but only for two elections. The conditions which obtained at the second election were thus described by *The Times* correspondent: "The second ballot campaign is creating extraordinary excitement, confusion and uncertainty. Both big parties angle for the support of Labour and, conversely, the Labour party and the Independents angle for the Government or opposition support, as occasion demands." (December 8, 1911.) "The campaign generally has discredited the second ballot system. The forces of the Government, the Opposition, and Labour exhibited in the various electorates all the possible combinations of three things taken two together. The return of the Socialists would have been impossible without Conservative votes. One Labour member got the support of the Government, the other that of the Opposition." (December 15, 1911.)

Sir Arthur Hardinge described another aspect of the second ballot. "One party by making general arrangements without another party can crush a third. In one year the Liberals of Belgium combined with the Conservatives to crush the Socialist party; two years later the Liberals swung round to an alliance with the Socialists." "It was practical experience of conditions such as these," said Sir Arthur Hardinge, "which gradually convinced all the Belgian parties that, given a three-cornered fight in every, or nearly every, constituency, the only way of preventing a minority from turning the scales and excluding from all representation the views of nearly half the electorate was to adopt the system of proportional representation."

In 1900, Belgium replaced the second ballot by proportional representation; the latter system has remained in force ever since.

The second ballot, instead of creating better con-

ditions and giving a more trustworthy indication of public opinion, introduces a new element of uncertainty into a general election; the fortunes of a political party may largely depend upon whether, at the second ballot, other parties combine against it; the fortunes of a particular candidate may depend upon some wrecking action taken by the supporters of a defeated party. Finally, the elected member often finds himself in a difficult position: he is expected to represent not only the members of his own party, but also those whose support secured him victory at the second ballot and upon whose continued support he depends for re-election.

Where there were two or more candidates, the alternative vote would make it impossible for a candidate to be returned on a minority vote. In the space opposite the candidates' names the voter would be invited to cast his vote by placing the figure 1 opposite the name of the candidate he most prefers, and the figure 2 opposite the name of some other candidate whom the voter is prepared to support if his first choice is unsuccessful. Under the alternative vote system, if no candidate received a majority of votes (first choices), the lowest candidate would be excluded from the poll and his votes transferred, according to the second choices marked by his supporters, to the other candidates still in the running. Just as under the second ballot system, the second choices of the supporters of the lowest candidate determine which of the two candidates at the head of the poll shall win.

It is probable that the alternative vote would produce changes in the representation of individual constituencies. But would representation in general be more fair? There were 309 members elected by a minority of votes in 1929, of whom 150 were Conservatives, 118 Labour, 40 Liberal and one Independent Conservative. If, in the reaction against the late Government, there had been a tendency for the Liberal and Labour parties to support one another, the Conservatives would have lost a very considerable number of these minority seats. The representation of Conservative opinion in the country would have been less fair than under the present system. If, on the other hand, the Conservatives and Labour were anxious to drive the Liberals from the political

field, the alternative vote would have enabled them to reduce substantially the present small Liberal representation in the House of Commons. If, during the course of the election, the differences between the Liberal and Labour parties had become more accentuated, and Liberals and Conservatives had supported one another, then Labour, under the alternative vote, would have lost a considerable number of its 118 minority seats. As under the second ballot, so, under the alternative vote, the fortunes of a political party and of individual candidates depend upon the attitude taken towards them by members of other parties.

The alternative vote by no means ensures fair representation. Parties of substantial size may, under this system, obtain a wholly inadequate force in the representative body, or may even be wholly excluded. The exclusion may be accidental, for chance still largely governs the result, but if two parties like to combine, the alternative can be used, like the second ballot, to crush a third party.

Proportional representation, on the other hand, is a system of election that aims at bringing representation in the House of Commons into agreement with political opinion in the country. It aims at providing representation both for the majority and for substantial minorities, as nearly as possible in proportion to their strength, in all parts of the country. It has been used with success in Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and the Irish Free State.

Under this system, the electoral areas must be large enough to elect more than one representative at a time. For the purpose of a general election, therefore, the present single-member constituencies would be grouped. Counties like Oxfordshire, Nottinghamshire, Shropshire; cities like Leeds, Sheffield, and Bradford would again become single constituencies, as they formerly were. A re-united Leeds would return six, Sheffield seven, Bradford four, and so on. Cornwall would return five members, Hertfordshire five, Bedfordshire three, and so on.

The method of voting would be that known as "the single transferable vote." The elector places the figure 1 against his first choice, the figure 2 against his second choice, the figure 3 against his third choice, numbering

as many of the candidates as he wishes in the order of his choice. But, although the elector may express as many choices as he wishes, only one of these choices becomes effective as a vote. The elector's "single" vote is credited, in the first instance, to the elector's first choice; the first choice has the first claim upon the vote recorded. If a vote is transferred, the transfer is made always in accordance with, and in the order of, the choices expressed by the elector in the ballot papers.

Let us assume that 50,000 of the electors vote. As each elector has one effective vote, there will be 50,000 votes in play, and if any candidate obtains 10,000 votes (first choices) he will be sure of election, for only four other candidates can obtain as many as 10,000 each from the remaining 40,000 votes. Any candidate, therefore, who obtains 10,000 votes must win.

Suppose one of the candidates, A, polls 20,000 votes (first choices) when the quota is 10,000. Each elector will have put the figure 2, the figure 3, and so on, against the names of other candidates in the order of his choice. The 10,000 votes given to A in excess of the quota can then be transferred in accordance with the next choices expressed by the electors who had voted for A.

The returning officer would re-sort, according to the names marked "2," the whole of the 20,000 papers on which A was first choice. Suppose candidate P is the second choice on 10,000 of these papers, candidate Q is the second choice on 5,000 and candidate R second choice on the remaining 5,000 papers. Of the 20,000 votes given to A in the first instance, 10,000 are required for his election, to constitute his quota, and the remaining 10,000 are available for transfer to the candidates P, Q, and R, in proportion to the number of second choices recorded for them. Accordingly, candidate P, who was the second choice on half the papers, receives 5,000 of the 10,000 votes transferred; candidate Q, who was the second choice on a quarter of the papers, receives 2,500 of the 10,000 votes transferred; candidate R, who was the second choice on a quarter of the papers, receives the remaining 2,500 of the 10,000 votes transferred. The votes transferred to P, Q, and R respectively are added to the votes already obtained by them.

After all surplus votes have been transferred, there

will, in general, still remain some seats to be filled, and there will be several candidates each with a number of votes less than the quota. The candidate with fewest votes is then declared defeated. His group of supporters is, as it were, disbanded and their votes are transferred each to the candidate who is marked on the ballot paper as the voter's next choice. Each paper is dealt with separately. The votes transferred are added to the votes already obtained by the candidate receiving them, and whenever the total number of votes credited to a candidate is equal to the quota, he is declared elected.

There may still remain some seats to be filled. If so, the candidate who at this stage has fewest votes is declared defeated and his votes are transferred. This process of excluding one by one in succession the lowest candidates, and transferring their votes, is continued until the number of candidates remaining is equal to the number of members to be elected. The members elected will represent groups of electors all of approximately equal size. In building up the quota-groups, the returning officer is guided always and wholly by the wishes expressed by the electors on their ballot papers.

Proportional Representation gives to electors a full measure of freedom in selecting a representative, for each can number in the order of his choice as many of the candidates as he wishes; in addition, the system, whilst allowing for the fair representation of political opinion, preserves in a very large degree "locality" representation, for the new constituencies would be based on the old historic communities, the counties and boroughs, which were the original constituencies of the House of Commons.

It secures that equality in the power of the vote which every enfranchised citizen may justly claim. The case has been summed up by Sir John Simon in these words: "Proportional Representation is the necessary accompaniment of complete franchise reform. Without proportional representation, without some fair way of securing that the casting of a vote, whoever casts it, is going to produce its proper and adequate result in representation, the equal enjoyment of the right to vote cannot secure the reality of equal responsibility and equal power at which it aims."

The Province of the Amateur

By Arnold Lunn

AMONG contemporary historians there is perhaps no more brilliant amateur than Mr. Chesterton, and no more learned specialist than Mr. Coulton. Their views on most subjects are poles apart, and their occasional clashes of opinion are both entertaining and instructive. Entertaining because no controversy in which Mr. Chesterton takes part could be dull; instructive, because these duels provide material for a book which is still to be written, an " Apology for Amateurs."

In the course of a recent lecture at Cambridge, Mr. Chesterton remarked that at the Reformation Englishmen hoped that they were freeing themselves from the chains of Rome but, in fact, were only entering the prison of Puritanism. Mr. Coulton, who was present, asked Mr. Chesterton " whether he could specify a single point in 17th Century Puritanism (apart from the doctrine of predestination upon which Puritans themselves often differed) which was not also orthodox in the Middle Ages." A long correspondence followed in which, among other things, it appeared that St. Thomas Aquinas' views on dancing failed to satisfy the exacting demands of Mr. Coulton. It is, of course, easy to quote Puritan condemnations of dancing, Sunday games, church music, ornate ritual, etc., from the great mediæval doctors of theology. None the less, the honours in this particular controversy were divided. Mr. Coulton won on points, but one was left quite unconvinced by his contention that the Puritanism of the Puritans did not differ radically from the Puritanism of mediæval Catholicism. Occasional theologians preached Puritanism in the Middle Ages, but Catholicism was a climate in which Puritanism could not grow. Had the Puritans, as Mr. Chesterton points out, really resembled the mediæval priests, " The tone of the comments on them would have been ' Oh, Lord, here are these dismal old shavelings back again.' It was totally different. The tone of the comments was ' Who ever heard of such

nonsense as these new religious people are talking?' So Shakespeare's characters, who accept a friar as something familiar and presumably friendly, will talk of Malvolio being a Puritan as if he were a sort of monster."

This is shrewd and telling criticism, and bears out the main contention of this article, that an amateur often contributes something of great value to a controversy which might be regarded as the monopoly of specialists. In the course of this particular duel Mr. Chesterton expressed views, which must be quoted at length, on the true relation between amateurs and specialists.

"I did not venture upon guesses and generalizations about history without considering somewhat seriously the problem which it raises, touching the inevitable inferiority of the amateur to the specialist. It seems to me rather a difficult problem with difficulties for the specialist as well as the amateur. My critic has complimented me with a comparison to Goldsmith, and certainly there is more real English history in ten lines of "The Deserted Village" than in the whole of Hume. But it is the very depth and darkness of my ignorance that discloses the difficulty. I am willing to believe that not only Mr. Coulton, but every other man I meet in Cambridge knows much more than I do. But, in that case, how inconvenient and incalculable must be my course and progress through the Cambridge streets. I must become a modernist after meeting one man, a mediævalist after meeting the next. The man in the street must be wholly at the mercy of an academic priesthood. When the priests quarrel, he cannot even cling to the most learned; for he cannot know which is the most learned without being more learned than all of them. And as there are specialists about everything, it is impossible for any ordinary person to form any impression about anything. Even a Protestant priesthood will hardly demand so complete a surrender of private judgment. I have reflected; and I think I see the place of the amateur.

The obscure things, the details, and disputed points, the great scholar can always see and note better than we can. It is the obvious things that he cannot see. I do not say this in mere deprecation; I think it is really

inseparable from that concentrated research to which the world owes so much. It is the truth in the traditional picture of the absent-minded professor, who remains gazing at a fossil or a Roman coin and fails to observe external objects, such as a house on fire, a revolution, an escaped elephant putting its head through the skylight, and similar things. Mr. Coulton's view of history shows the same limitations; and it is precisely because I am so much less learned than he that it is my privilege to lead him through common ways, pointing out elephants and other enormous objects. For instance, inferior as I may be about information about the mediæval world, I have as much right as anyone else to form impressions of the modern world. And I can hardly trust myself blindly to one who really seems to believe (as does Mr. Coulton) that the field of 'science' is free from journalistic adventures, amateur experiments, quacks and charlatans, even as this Chesterton."

Samuel Butler would have endorsed, with enthusiasm, Mr. Chesterton's brilliant defence of the amateur, for Butler, who was one of the first and certainly one of the most effective critics of Darwinism, admitted frankly that he had made no original experiments and that he had taken most of his facts at second hand. An architect, he explained, does not quarry his own bricks. "If the facts are sound," he wrote, "how can it matter whether A or B collected them? If Professor Huxley, for example, has made a series of original observations (not that I know of his having done so) why am I to make them over again? What are fact collectors worth if the fact co-ordinaters may not rely upon them?"

The whole quarrel between the specialist and the amateur turns on the relative value of fact co-ordinating and fact collecting and on the claim of the amateur to co-ordinate facts which others have collected.

Nobody, of course, denies that there are certain types of work which only the specialist can undertake. No Catholic historian with a reputation to lose would turn to Cardinal Gasquet's charming books on monasticism for his facts, and no Catholic historian who prided himself on his scholarship could afford to neglect Mr. Coulton's

monumental work, "Five Centuries of Religion," however much he might dissent from Mr. Coulton's conclusions, for Mr. Coulton has collected a vast amount of facts, the accuracy of which has survived the gauntlet of Catholic criticism. "Five Centuries of Religion" is, of course, a book which only a specialist could write.

But the point at issue is whether the amateur is entitled to make use of facts which Mr. Coulton and others have gathered, and whether his verdict must *of necessity* be less sound than Mr. Coulton's.

What is the most important qualification for a historian? Learning or flair? The very phrase "based on original research" is misleading. No sound verdict on the past is *based* on original research. The only history worth reading is based on a sound philosophy of life checked, perhaps, by original research. A man whose philosophy of life is sound enough to form correct judgments about contemporary events and about the motives which inspire his own contemporaries starts with the most important of all qualifications for interpreting the past.

Gibbons remarked that the experience he gained as a captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers and, later as a member of parliament, "had not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." This goes to the root of the matter. Unless a man understands his contemporaries, he is incompetent to write history, however studiously he may labour among the archives of the past.

Nor must it be forgotten that the documents on which original research is based represent only a fragment of the important facts, for important facts often do not find their way into print. A man's view of a particular period in the past will be based primarily on his view of contemporary history—that is, on his philosophy of life—and only in a secondary degree on documents and "facts." Facts without philosophy are useless. If a historian finds that the overwhelming majority of facts, or original documents and so forth, contradict his philosophy of life, then he will do well to suspect that his philosophy is at fault. If, on the other hand, he

finds that the majority of facts confirm that philosophy, he is at liberty to suspect those that do not.

Historical writers may be divided into those who are mere fact collectors and the small minority who have the true flair which enables them to co-ordinate facts with success. Amongst the minority are men who have collected their own facts and men who have only co-ordinated the facts that others have collected. Flair is not, as Mr. Chesterton suggests, the monopoly of brilliant amateurs. Even specialists are capable of detecting "elephants and other enormous objects," but neither is flair the monopoly of specialists.

It is, of course, precisely because the average fact collector lacks the true flair for fact co-ordinating that he is so anxious to protect himself from the competition of the brilliant amateur. It is, perhaps, natural that the specialist should exaggerate the value of original research and should demand for those who have leisure to undertake such research, and who live within easy reach of the great libraries, a recognized status which will differentiate them from the Butlers and Chestertons. The primary object of all corporations from learned societies to trade unions is to raise a barrier between skilled and unskilled labour in order to obtain the maximum of remuneration in money or in prestige for those who have taken out the orthodox diplomas.

It is easier to unearth facts than to see their significance. For every man who can see the wood, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine who can see the trees.

It is, therefore, absurd to resent such steps as the nine hundred and ninety-nine may take to protect themselves from the unfair competition of the thousandth man. But, though we should not resent, we should sternly resist the efforts of specialists to impose upon the world, the dogma that no work is of any value in literature or in science, unless it is based on original research.

We must preserve at all costs the right to draw conclusions from facts which others have gathered.

A writer, for instance, who devoted as many months to the subject as Mr. Coulton has devoted years, might contribute something of value to the discussion of

monasticism without any original research, provided, of course, that he made the best possible use of the facts which Mr. Coulton has gathered, and of the criticism to which Mr. Coulton's views have been subjected.

Mr. Lea's seven volumes on the Inquisition, described by that great Roman Catholic historian, Lord Acton, as "the most important contribution of the new world to the religious problems of the old," have no rival as the standard history of the Holy Office, but a modern author who selected the Inquisition for a subject might justify his choice on one of two grounds.

These seven volumes are out of print and expensive. There is certainly room for a one-volume history of the Inquisition which would omit those details of administration which bulk so largely in Lea's work. A useful, though not a particularly original book could be written of which the modest object was merely to present the established facts within a brief compass.

Then again, the Inquisition might, perhaps, be studied from a new angle, by a man who accepted Lea's facts but disagreed with Lea's interpretation. Such a book would, of course, be a more ambitious venture and would involve great reading, though it would not necessarily involve the study of original documents in the archives at Madrid or Seville.

How would he set about this task? He would, of course, begin by checking the accuracy of Lea's facts, a comparatively easy task. No historian of Lea's eminence who touches on subjects of controversy between Catholics and Protestants can long escape exposure if his facts are inaccurate. The team work of the Catholic Church is beyond all praise, and any errors on points of fact which may creep into the pages of a Lea or a Coulton will be detected and exposed with the minimum of delay.

For books which were published in the last century, the "Catholic Encyclopedia" will direct us to the necessary antidote. In Lea's case we are referred to a work by a Catholic historian, in which Lea's errors—there were very few—on points of fact are contained.

The intending author will, of course, secure this brochure and he will, of course, read half a dozen leading works on the Inquisition written from the Catholic

angle. He should also study the handbook written by the Inquisitor Eymerich for his brothers of the craft. This can be found in most libraries, and gives an interesting glimpse of the workings of the inquisitorial mind.

He will not, of course, embark on this subject without familiarising himself with contemporary authors and contemporary histories.

An author who criticizes, directly or indirectly, the Catholic Church must familiarize himself with the apologetic literature of that Church. It is unnecessary to read Thomas Aquinas from cover to cover, but some study of the scholastics is essential for a sympathetic understanding of the mental climate of the Middle Ages.

No writer can, of course, afford to neglect the primary authorities. No book of value can be written which is based entirely on secondary authorities. On this point we are all agreed; but there is a difference between consulting the primary authorities, which are available in most libraries, and devoting years to original research among obscure documents. In science, no less than in history, good work can be done and, indeed, has been done by men who co-ordinated the facts which others had collected.

Newton, of course, was both a fact collector and a fact co-ordinator. He discovered the first law of motion not by research, but by thought; "not by looking outwards," as the late Duke of Argyll observed, "but by looking inwards."

Many of the great discoveries in science have been the work not of scientists, but of men who possessed the faculty for "looking inwards."

De Saussure has been called with justice the father of modern geology. In the course of his mountain wanderings he must often have seen erratic boulders and moraines far beyond the limits of existing glaciers. Yet he never drew the obvious conclusions that glaciers must at one time have extended many miles beyond their present limits.

Agassiz and Charpentier, great naturalists and great observers, also missed the significance of these signposts of past glacial ages.

A simple chamois hunter, Perrandier by name, observed a block of granite resting on limestone in the neighbourhood of Neuchâtel. Granite cannot grow out of limestone like a mushroom, and Perrandier accordingly deduced that the granite must at one time have been carried to Neuchâtel by a glacier. From which it followed that glaciers must at one time have covered the whole of Switzerland. Perrandier was, therefore, the discoverer of the glacial epoch of the past.

"Of all forms of enterprise," writes Mr. A. H. Pollen, "that which is the most wholly personal is the gift of suddenly perceiving what is hidden from other men. It is this rare gift that we recognize to be the peculiarity of those pioneers in discovery and invention who are the true authors of modern progress."

Watt, who invented the steam engine, was an artisan. It was a veterinary surgeon who discovered pneumatic tyres. Browing, who invented automatic weapons, was the son of a gunsmith. At the age of thirteen he made his first gun out of the scrap iron in his father's workshop.

Again, when the whole scientific world was hypnotized by Darwin's personal prestige, a man of genius whose career had been purely literary was one of the first to detect the worthlessness of the Darwinian hypothesis. By the Darwinian hypothesis I do not, of course, mean the theory of evolution, which was much older than Darwin, but the theory that Natural Selection explained the transformation of species.

Samuel Butler was no observer. He took his facts secondhand, but his criticism of Darwinism bears the signet mark of genius, and the Hering-Butler view of instinct as a form of ancestral memory still holds the field as a very plausible explanation of one of the greatest of biological mysteries.

Butler was boycotted throughout his life by the scientific world of his day, partly because his controversial manners were deplorable, but mainly because he was an amateur trespassing on the preserves of the specialist.

Every age has its Butlers, and the Butler of our own day would appear to be Commander Acworth, who resembles Butler in many ways. Like Butler, he is an amateur; but unlike Butler, Commander Acworth

is a fact collector as well as a fact co-ordinator, though he is in no sense a professional scientist. He resembles Butler in the brilliance and originality of his criticism of the accepted orthodoxies of science, and he resembles Butler no less in his intemperate attacks on eminent scientists.

Commander Acworth, in his book "This Bondage," would appear to have been one of the first to enunciate, and certainly the first to realize, the importance of the law which he describes as the first law of currents. "No bird or machine can experience any pressure from the movement of the medium in which it is supported and operating."

He quotes many passages from distinguished scientists who fall into the error of supposing that a bird in flight *feels* the wind. A bird in flight is, of course, affected by the wind, delayed by a head wind and helped by a following wind, but, in so far as its sensations are concerned, storm and calm are much the same thing. From this law Commander Acworth has deduced the fascinating theory of bird migration which appears to have created no small sensation in the world of ornithology.

Here is a characteristic extract from the writing of an eminent scientist: "Thus, the young eels or elvers must swim straight upstream, for their bodies automatically adjust themselves to have equal pressure on the two sides."

"This statement," writes Commander Acworth, "is a mere repetition of the unnumerable fallacies contained in 'scientific' treatises on flight, with water substituted for air. A fish in a current, like a submarine in a current or a bird in a current, can experience no pressure from the current in which it is operating, the pressure on the sides of the fish being equal, whatever the course of the fish relative to the direction of the current may be."

Other passages from the works of contemporary scientists might be quoted to prove that observation in itself is not a sufficient basis for the discovery of truth, and that the amateur can often beat the specialist at his own game.

It is, perhaps, some subconscious realization of this fact that explains the encouragement which is given

to the amateur in certain restricted provinces of knowledge provided that he does not wander outside of those provinces.

The provinces in question vary from age to age. In the Middle Ages science was regarded, as theology is now regarded, as the natural playground for the amateur.

The mediæval theologian was a specialist whose opinions no amateur would have dared to question. Indeed, no man who was not trained in dialectics and who had not mastered the technical vocabulary of scholastic philosophy could possibly have understood, much less have taken part in, a mediæval debate. Moreover, the arguments of the expert could, in the last resource, be reinforced by the stake.

Science, on the other hand, was regarded as a proper subject for amateur speculation. Except medicine, there was nothing in the Middle Ages which could be dignified by the name of scientific research. The idea of appealing to experiment as a serious test of truth was then virtually unknown. Roger Bacon, who preached with enthusiasm the importance of experimental science and who anticipated his great namesake, regarded science as the handmaid of divinity and mathematics as mainly useful in their application to theology. Mathematics, as he was careful to explain, would aid us in ascertaining the exact position of paradise and hell, and in precise measurements of the Tabernacle and the Temple.

The relative positions of science and theology are reversed in the modern world. The amateur is warned off scientific research but encouraged to express his opinions on theological problems, once regarded as the province of the expert.

The *Daily Mail* would scarcely invite Mr. Arnold Bennett, Miss Rebecca West, Mr. Owen Nares, and Mr. A. P. F. Chapman to express their considered opinion on Einstein's theory of space-time, but the editor would not hesitate to invite these distinguished people to contribute to the popular symposiums, which are a regular feature of the Press, on the immortality of the soul and the efficacy of prayer.

It would be pleasant to represent this as a spirited protest against the excessive tyranny of theological

experts, but it would, I fear, be idle to pretend that the editor argues in some such fashion as this: "I know, of course, that the Bishop of London is a great authority on prayer. He has been praying, on and off, for a great many years and has done valuable research work on this subject. But I refuse to be browbeaten by specialist knowledge. Prayer is one of those branches of science on which the man-in-the-street, like Einstein, has as much right to express his opinion as the Bishop of London."

It is not, I fear, arguments such as these which account for the greater importance attached to the views of religious amateurs than to the views of the amateur in science. The views of the religious expert are discounted because they are regarded with suspicion. Bishops, like barristers, are paid to defend a particular brief, and their evidence is, therefore, regarded as tainted. The man-in-the-street never considers that scientists may be equally biased in favour of their own theory, and that a man's reaction to evidence which conflicts with his own private philosophy of the universe depends not on whether he buttons his collar behind or in front, but whether he possesses that rarest of all passions, a passion no more common among scientists than among theologians—the disinterested love of truth for its own sake.

The modern tendency, unfortunately, is to accept scientific theories on authority just as the mediæval layman accepted his religion on authority. Commander Acworth in his book quotes Lord Halsbury's spirited protest against this tendency:—

"I wish to make a general protest against the notion that a gentleman who calls himself a 'professor,' without any sufficient qualifications, is thereby placed in a position of authority, and can make statements without a particle of evidence to prove them. I may be prejudiced in my view by my experience as a lawyer, but in court we are expected to give full proof in support of every assertion, and if we do not, it is naturally assumed that it is because we cannot do so. A 'professor,' on the other hand, appears to consider himself relieved from any such anxiety. He seems to think that all he has to do is to say that such and such is the case, and as he is a professor,

he cannot be contradicted or brought to book. If anyone brings forward an argument on the other side, the 'professor' says that his opponent has made a mistake; but being a 'professor' he does not consider himself obliged to substantiate even this assertion."

The assertions of scientific experts may perhaps be accepted too freely, as Lord Halsbury complains, on matters of no particular importance, but on questions of life and death the final verdict rests not with the specialist but with the amateur. In poisoning trials, for instance, the task of collecting the facts is assigned to the specialist, the task of co-ordinating them to twelve amateurs collected at random.

Experts are called both for the Crown and for the defence, and they give their views not only on the main question, whether death was due to poisoning, but on secondary problems such as the amount of poison administered, the number of times it was administered, and the time that elapsed between the last fatal dose and death.

The prisoner's life will depend on the correct solution of the problem, a problem which has called for a high degree of technical knowledge and specialized training. The experts will often disagree, and the duty of the judge is to sum up their conflicting arguments and the duty of the jury to give the ultimate decision.

Nobody suggests that the verdict of the jury is valueless because no member of that jury has had a scientific training and because the verdict itself is not based on original research.

Such is the procedure when a man's life is at stake, and perhaps we might do worse than adopt this procedure whenever science appears to touch on the ultimate problems of human destiny.

The views of the amateur may be of no value on the "quantum" theory; but on graver matters, the immortality of the soul or the existence of God, let us hear what the experts have to say by all means, but let us keep them in their proper place, the witness box.

It is their duty to give evidence, ours to render the verdict.

The Avenger

By Anthony Bertram

It was the appearance and manner of Frau Hofer that decided them as much as the cheapness of her establishment. She immediately presented herself to them as "a character" which, since they were both in the trade of fiction, was a stronger recommendation for her rooms than the hot and cold water or even the view to which she possessively drew their attention. And yet it was exactly the kind of view they had hoped for: a little square down below where a grotesque fountain trickled peacefully and where there was a café whose outside tables were screened from the pavement by a dusty hedge of ivy; a narrow street that ran ahead to the porch of a mouldering Baroque church; a gawky saint in a niche on a level with their eyes; and everywhere else roofs, a long vista of high-pitched roofs, the glowing antiquity of their tiles dotted with innumerable tiny dormers. And there was not, when they first inspected the view, a single human being in sight. All that was precisely their conception of what a German mediæval town should be—out of the season.

They proposed to stay for some time: Parish because he had a novel to revise which was set in just such a town and which he suspected might be improved by a little first-hand local colour; Ross because he had been commissioned to do a hand-book on that particular town, a hack job which he had accepted with alacrity and lamented ever since. Therefore, having left their baggage at the station, they had devoted considerable care to the selection of their lodgings, a business which was complicated by the need of strict economy.

The Pension Hofer, like the heroine of a Victorian novel, presented a modest exterior. It was also a little stuffy, in accordance with the traditions of mediæval cities and cheap pensions. The smell of cooking in the entrance hall had something historical about it.

But it was Frau Hofer, pre-eminently Frau Hofer, that decided them. They had really made up their

minds before they asked the price. She was very short and slight and she wore a rusty black garment, a sort of dressing-gown or wrap, that trailed on the floor and completely obliterated any shape her figure might have had. Round her shoulders was a black fur cape which belonged to the days of large hats and hansoms, a period that was for the two Englishmen to be thought of as vaguely Edwardian—distinctly pre-war. Her hands, narrow, long and heavily laden with gold rings, were continually busy keeping these garments under control. They showed a persistent tendency to fall apart or trip her up. This was unfortunate because she also found it necessary to emphasise every word with some little gesture, so that her manner had about it a kind of juggling agitation. It seemed as if at any moment one garment or the other would immodestly gape, the wrap would send her sprawling or some quick emphatic sentence must be robbed of its appropriate gesture. But, no doubt from long habit, she avoided both catastrophes.

This comic little woman was overwhelming in her friendliness. She bobbed and smiled perpetually at her prospective guests until her head seemed in danger of disintegrating; the tower of dusty hair wobbled dizzily, the long gold earrings swayed wildly and her teeth so jumped about that it became difficult to distinguish the upper from the lower row and gum from gum.

When they finally took the room and spoke of a long stay, she backed out in a delirious flutter of affability to order the porter for their baggage. They let go their laughter as soon as the door had closed on her.

"She's a gem," said Parish.

It was in the sitting-room that they found her wedding photograph surrounded by her wreath and her veil, all framed together in a deep, vast and ornate frame. There was also an enlarged photograph of a young man with a superb black moustache—a soldier. . . .

Frau Hofer gave the necessary orders for the comfort of her guests and then retired to her room, where she sat down and stared at the stove, her hands at last resting in her lap as if they had fluttered themselves into weari-

ness, like a butterfly that has been beating against a window pane.

So these were Englishmen. Her thoughts had flashed at once to the memory of that young man with the superb black moustache. It was not that she ever for one moment of her lonely life really forgot him, but mostly she brooded on his life : now it was his death that came before her in sharp recollection. Her pension had been full that day in July 1915 and she had been too busy then to imagine much. She had read the telegram, wept a little, said a prayer to the Blessed Virgin and then gone on with her business.

But in bed that night she had imagined too much. All the horrors she had heard, all the pictures of the war she had seen combined to form for her an image of her son's death. Hunger, cold, lingering pain, cruelty, fear, loneliness—all were his portion in her dark thoughts. But most she dwelt on his loneliness. She imagined him lying out mortally wounded with no hand to help his pain, no human voice to comfort him. He had always been such a mother's boy : and she had not been there to do for him what she could. The blood that had come from her womb had spilt unstanched and uncared for on the insensate mud.

As the weeks had gone by and her own loneliness had grown on her, she had extended her sympathy for him. She pitied his lonely dead body : she pitied his lonely soul with no mother to help him in Heaven, as she had helped him through all the commonplace vicissitudes of his growing up. Heaven would be so strange to him, and she remembered how shy he had always been at parties.

She saw nothing comic in her regretting that he would not have her to share his pride in his eternal crown, the soldier's crown, as she had shared his pride in his first breeches, his first cigar, his first uniform.

The months had grown into years and Frau Hofer had found herself forgetting the sharp cruelty of his death and nursing only the dim warm memory of his childhood and young manhood. She had no other company.

Besides, she had learnt the facts of his death from a

returned comrade and they were not as she had imagined. He had been killed outright, in a raid—bayoneted. The comrade fighting beside him had seen it. He had been killed by a young Englishman in the Surrey Rifles. . . .

In the dining-room was one long table. Ross and Parish found their places laid at the far end by the stove. Parish was full of an idea for modifying his novel so as to introduce Frau Hofer. He was going to " draw her out."

While they were eating their cheese, she came bustling in, all a-flutter, so smiling and so friendly.

" If you wouldn't mind," she said, laying down two registration forms, carefully, adjusting them with little finicky touches so that they were parallel with the edges of the table. " It's such a nuisance; I'm so sorry to bother you. Ah! Ink!"

She darted to the sideboard cupboard and brought out a huge brass inkstand cluttered up with stags.

" Pen," she said, holding it to her eye to make sure that the nib was clean. She stood back to see that the arrangements were satisfactory; then suddenly clicked her tongue and threw up her hands.

" *Herr Gott,* blotting-paper," she cried.

Another dart to the sideboard and she smoothed out the sheet of pink blotting-paper and laid it parallel beside the forms. Satisfied, she turned to her guests. " I hope the food was to your liking."

" Excellent," they said together.

" I'm so glad. Delighted. There is nothing else you want?"

Parish began to " draw her out."

" I suppose you don't have many visitors in the winter?"

She chattered away briskly. They soon felt that they knew everything there was to know about the funny old thing. " And then people say Dickens exaggerates," Parish said afterwards.

When they had filled up their forms, she took out her spectacles and read them through.

" Surrey," she said. " You come from Surrey, I see."

" Yes, do you know it?"

"Ah no. I have never had the pleasure of travelling in your country. But I have heard of Surrey."

She looked at the forms again.

"Fancy," she said; "you are both thirty-two. I should never have guessed you were so old. Why, I thought you were only boys, students perhaps."

They laughed at what they took for a strained compliment.

"So you were old enough for the war," she said; and when she had heard them answer "Yes," she nodded, smiled again and said, "I must see to things. I hope you will be comfortable." Then she hurried into her room and said a prayer, kneeling on her little prie-dieu in the corner before the gaudy oleograph of the Blessed Virgin and the crucifix hung with ears of corn. She prayed for guidance. But when she got up, she did not feel peaceful. There was another photograph of the soldier with the superb moustache over her bed. It was draped with black ribbon and under it in a frame was a school certificate of Karl Hofer's. The photograph meant more to her at the moment than the oleograph of the Blessed Virgin.

Parish continued to "draw her out." They found her a most friendly, chatty old thing. One day she asked them what regiment they had been in. They said, "The Surrey Rifles."

"It was a dreadful business, the war," she murmured.

Another day she found out where they had been in July 1915.

Frau Hofer was a sensible woman but she could not prevent herself from believing that God had sent her son's murderer to her. She could not fathom his purpose and so she prayed for guidance; particularly as to how she was to know which of them it was. Sometimes she inclined to the one, sometimes to the other; but they were both such nice young men that it was hard to decide. If she *knew* which it was, she would hate him: but at present she could not bring herself to hate either. Besides, they were her guests and they gave so little trouble.

At nights she would visualize the scene. Her Karl was sitting somewhere unsuspecting, perhaps reading one

of her letters, when suddenly there would be an awful explosion. Naturally he would be dazzled for a moment and then, before he had time to pick up his rifle, Mr. Ross or Mr. Parish rushed at him with a bayonet.

Mr. Ross had reddish hair and a white skin heavily freckled. He wore glasses and always seemed to be laughing. Frau Hofer could not fit that head on to the lunging body of a murderer. Surely Mr. Ross could never do such a thing. But he *had* been in the war; he had said so: there was no doubt about that. And then Mr. Parish? Mr. Parish had such a thoughtful, gentle face. His eyes were like a dog's and he looked hungry. It was impossible to imagine Mr. Parish ever being angry, and surely nobody could bayonet a man unless he were angry. Now they did say that red-headed people were bad-tempered. Perhaps Mr. Ross . . . . but then it was Mr. Ross who had been so kind the day she had had a headache; such a sympathetic gentleman. It was all very difficult.

"Did you ever bayonet a man during the war?" she asked one day; and Parish answered, "Oh please don't let's talk about the war, Frau Hofer. We want to forget it."

Then she was convinced that it was Parish. But what was she to do? She asked the oleograph and the crucifix and the photograph. Ought she anyhow to turn away both these guests of hers? She could ill afford to. Besides, didn't it say in the Gospel that you should forgive your enemies? But then why had God sent the murderer of her own son to her? Things like that weren't done without a purpose.

And then one day she surprised Ross in the sitting-room examining the photograph of Karl. It seemed to her that he started at her entrance.

"Was that your son?" he asked awkwardly.

She nodded, staring hard at him and smiling with professional affability.

"He was killed," she said. "Bayoneted."

"How dreadful!" said Ross. He was obviously embarrassed. He went on, making conversation. "Your only son?"

"My only son. Karl was his name."

When he was alone with Parish again, Ross said, "Poor old Frau Hofer, she looked quite tragic when she spoke about her son. It's funny she's never spoken about him before. People like that are usually only too ready to pour out their griefs."

Parish laughed. "Perhaps she feels that, as we're English, it wouldn't be tactful. She's too good a business woman to let sentiment interfere. Fancy anybody being sentimental over that, though."

They looked up at the flat, blurred enlargement. Certainly the soldier in the superb moustache was unprepossessing. His eyes stared blankly straight before him: his hair was cropped.

In the meantime Frau Hofer was saying, "Dear Mother of God, if it *is* Mr. Ross what am I to do? Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . . ."

She was saying a rosary for guidance. She had promised the Virgin three rosaries every day and a candle every Sunday for the rest of her life, if she would help her.

In a letter to England Parish wrote, "We've struck the funniest old hotel-keeper you ever saw. A most friendly old soul. She never stops chattering and smiling. She makes us very comfortable and treats us like her own sons. . . . ."

The time was approaching for her visitors to go. Frau Hofer could no longer believe it was Mr. Ross after all because, when the maid had cut her finger badly, he had gone white and apologised, laughing, "I never could stand the sight of blood. I'll call Parish, He's a blood-thirsty one."

Frau Hofer had watched Parish binding the girl's finger. He certainly did not seem to mind the blood, but he was very gentle.

If only she could be certain which it was, she felt that she would know what to do. . . .

It was her custom always to give her departing guests a button-hole if they were gentlemen and a bouquet if they were ladies. She went out to pick the button-holes on her guests' last morning. There were no flowers except snow-drops. She made up the little button-holes and laid them on her table. Then she wrote out the bill

and receipted it in anticipation. She was so sorry to be losing her guests; they were such nice young men.

Her farewells were most profuse. She shook hands so heartily, beaming at them, and she stood at the door and waved and called "*Aufwiedersehen. Gute Reise. Aufwiedersehen.*"

Then she went back to her room, locked the door and sat down, staring at the button-holes. At the last moment she had decided not to give them. It was the first time she had ever broken her custom but she had suddenly felt that she could not give flowers to her Karl's murderer, and as she was still uncertain which of them it was, the only thing was to give flowers to neither. She put the little bunches into a vase before the oleograph and then her conscience struck her. She had not forgiven her enemies and God had said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." This had been a test that He had sent her and she had failed; she had been wicked. She knelt down and prayed for forgiveness.

The next day she must go to confession.

Shakespeare and the "Talkies"

By Bertram Clayton

THE cinematograph can never be accused of undue fastidiousness in regard to the suitability of the subjects it selects for exhibition. As practically nothing is admitted to be outside the purview of the camera (which recognizes no difficulties either in fact or fancy) it is not surprising that many extraordinary claims have from time to time been pegged out for it. Addressing a Rotary club a few years ago one of the officials of the film industry regretted that the picture theatre had not produced its Shakespeare, but submitted that "even the soliloquy of Hamlet was not outside the ambit of the screen." This was long before the "talkies" had loomed on the horizon, and it was merely a dumb-show adaptation of captioned-philosophy that the speaker had in his mind. It sounds ludicrous enough; but considering what the films had already perpetrated in the way of pictorial "poetry," illustrated epigrams and even hymns made into stories with "sex-appeal," the suggestion to turn Hamlet's thirty-five lines of speculative pessimism into a movie drama strikes one as a comparatively modest ambition. For if it is simply a question of "To be or not to be," the producers can safely be relied upon to take the line of most resistance and to make a negative out of a negation.

In its old "silent" days (now rapidly disappearing) the screen was an omnivorous devourer of everything that had achieved distinction in literary or dramatic form besides, of course, discovering a large number of otherwise unknown scribes whose "works" became famous directly they had been bought for the studio. All the classics went through the machine, and in their reincarnations were represented as disseminators of "culture" among the populace. At its best this was never a legitimate business, as you cannot render a speaking play by voiceless miming, or take a novel from its covers and photograph its essential appeal. But the more or less violent distortion undergone by countless books and plays was a minor monstrosity compared to the maltreatment accorded poems, hymns, ballads, pictures,

scenes from history and even current crimes. When it is remembered that "Maud" did not escape "adaptation" by this medium, that "Abide with me" was filmed (with a lady struggling in the clutches of a would-be seducer to give point to the third verse), that the *jeux d'esprits* of Oscar Wilde were pressed into the service, and that a Russian producer is now seriously planning to make a film of "Das Kapital," the proposal to "feature" an introspective soliloquy cannot, at any rate, be branded as a unique piece of cinema folly.

As, therefore, the studios have always been game to tackle anything, from the first chapter of Genesis to the latest paradox of Mr. Bernard Shaw, it was only natural that Shakespeare, with or without the soliloquies, should have been taken in their stride. Inevitably this has resulted in some curious mixtures. There was a dignified but somewhat depressing performance of *Macbeth*, in which an elaborate musical score did its best to create the atmosphere which is rightly left to the verse itself. For the most part, however, the shadow-Shakespeare of the screen has hovered between unblushing bowdlerization and humourless burlesque. There was an early *Hamlet* which, like its own ghost, "came in such questionable shape." that one would fain have had several words with it. Some bold adventurer also had a shot at *All's well that ends well*, a title that would have been more appropriate to another gentleman's *Othello* on which relentless tragedy he had plastered a happy epilogue, restoring Desdemona and giving Iago a most extraordinary *coup de grâce*. There was a *Romeo and Juliet* and a *Merry Wives of Windsor*, too, in those days, both of which made one feel that the principal difference between the dramas and the comedies of the screen must assuredly be that the dramas sometimes make you laugh. These were the wild oats of the Shakespearean film. But even the staider versions, which kept to the plots and did not seek to interpolate the text with gags of their own, were always up against the fundamental impossibility of conveying the beauty of a Shakespeare play minus the sound of Shakespeare's poetry.

One attempt to surmount the obstacle was that of employing unseen elocutionists to speak the lines of the picture. This was done, for instance, in a specially

prepared rendering of *The Taming of the Shrew*,* for which Katherine was planted at one side of the screen and Petruchio at the other. The poor mimes struggled bravely from their respective corners to create the illusion that the silent drama had become articulate; and when either of the shadowy characters happened to be situated on the side nearest his or her human impersonator, the coalescence of scene and sound had the effect of a moderately good bit of ventriloquism. But frequently, of course, the Petruchio of the film would dash over to the side where only Katherine's voice was heard, and *vice versa*. At such moments it would have been a charity if the orchestra had struck up and drowned all four of them.

This crude experiment in the art of making Shakespeare both audible and visible in the cinema is cited to show how, even fifteen years ago, it was vaguely realized that such plays, at least, were shorn of their chief glory if they were only seen and not heard. But it was not until the general marketing of the talking picture machine that the presentation of the complete Shakespeare became a practicable proposition.

And, one might claim, much more than the complete Shakespeare, as we have known him hitherto. Granted that in the "talkie" cinema there is a loss of the flesh and blood actor and the absence of the personal appeal. Granted also that, so far, the machine has not succeeded in reproducing with perfect clarity all the fine shades and inflections of the human voice; yet if the latter difficulty could be overcome (and improvements are rapidly being made in this branch of technique) it is highly probable that a race of eager playgoers would grow up willing to dispense with the corporeal presence of the actors for the sake of the new wide field of activity and spectacle opened up by the movie camera operating over the whole vast orbit of the Shakespearean scene.

Might not even the poet himself have envisaged in his mind's eye some such magical transformation of scene and circumstance as is afforded by the screen? It is surely unlikely that one who could create Titania's bower and people Prospero's isle; who could thread his imaginative way through the courts of kings, and let his historical

* A full "Talkie" version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, made by Douglas Fairbanks, is now being screened at the London Pavilion.

fancy roam over the pomps and passions of Rome and Egypt to such purpose as he did, would be altogether content with the crude, mechanical embodiments his creations assumed upon the stage.

> O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
> The brightest heaven of invention!

might well have been the expression of his own dissatisfaction with the dramatic medium at his disposal. What, indeed, is the whole chorus to *Henry V* but a heartfelt apology for cramped conditions, and an unconscious prophecy of what one day would be possible?

> But pardon, gentles all
> The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd
> On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
> So great an object; can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?
> O, pardon, since a crooked figure may
> Attest in little place a million.

Just as the cinema has been groping towards a medium that would lend volubility to moving shadows, so Shakespeare might have dreamed of a Muse that would endow his characters with a mobility denied to them on the earthbound boards of the Globe.

> Think when we talk of horses that you see them,
> Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;—
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
> Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass.

Is it too much to claim that, if Shakespeare could see *Henry V* transformed into a talking picture, he would hail it as a close approximation to his own "brightest heaven of invention"? Here, at any rate, is a dramatic "cockpit" which is far more pliable and imponderable than could be conceived by the stage carpenters of his day, or constructed by those of ours. In 300 years the playhouse has been revolutionized in shape and scope. The platform stage in the courtyard has given place to the picture stage in the more or less sumptuous temple. But the limitations of the fixed scene still remain and must ever remain. In this sense, truly, the ordinary "legitimate" theatre is static,

howsoever dynamic or elusive what is enacted therein. There must be intervals for scene changing, and these tend to clog the action and distract the attention. There must be, even in the most opulent playhouse, an economy of "place" and "property"; and for a Shakespeare play, with its wondrous diversity of environment, many duplications. Who has not chafed at times during a Shakespearean performance at the enormous disparity between the tragedy and the trappings, or noted with dismay how the eye was continually giving the lie to the ear? There was the "Muse of fire" ascending, and there was Sir Frank Benson, or another, sitting on a tawdry throne, or issuing orders to an army whose "imperfections" we certainly had to "piece out with our thoughts." Apart, too, from these unavoidable incongruities, there is the monotony of the static "set" which (at least since the advent of the cinema) has militated against the average playgoer's complete enjoyment of Shakespeare. For whatever may be urged by the old-stagers against the pretensions of the pictures, it is impossible now to regard the theatre as though the cinema had never existed. The new art has come in to alter many of the old values, and none so much as the value and importance of movement when such is indicated in the drama to be played. Shakespeare indicates this in a thousand ways, and the Shakespeare stage, for all the great names and memorable tableaux that have adorned its history, has lacked that fluid animation—that melting and mingling eloquence of scene and sound—which the Bard must often have imagined, and which the cinema, alone of all the arts, can now so readily contrive.

Take such plays, for instance, as *Antony and Cleopatra* among the tragedies, and *The Midsummer Night's Dream* among the fantastic romances of Shakespeare. Then compare the utmost of which the stage is visually capable with the potentialities of the screen in regard to either of them. *Antony and Cleopatra* is "scored" for 42 scenes, of which 23 are given different venues, leaving 19 duplications. Now, even if the play were produced exactly according to the directions of the text, it would mean a considerable repetition of the various settings of camp and court. But, of course, in practice *Antony and Cleopatra* has usually

been compressed into, at the outside, 16 to 20 scenes in all, with several duplications. For instance, the same design for Cleopatra's palace (especially if at all elaborately constructed) has to do duty on as many occasions as it is introduced—the apartments in Cæsar's and Antony's houses likewise; while the short minor incidents have, perforce, to be played before prosaic backcloths. The mechanism involved in the frequent changes can hardly fail to complicate the smooth running of the performance, retard the swiftness of the action, and constantly remind the spectator that even the high affairs of love and State on the stage are ever at the mercy of the scene-shifters.

All this tedious theatre-craft is obviated in the cinema play, the mechanics of which (so far as the audience is concerned) are finished with in the studio. We can have fifty views of Cleopatra's rooms; Pompey's Galley at Misenum can be shown from numerous interesting angles, while the rapid action of the opposing armies on the Syrian Plain or under the walls at Alexandria can be made as exciting a panorama to look at as to read about.

And if such a play as *Antony*, with its very solid personages, and places that can all be found on the map, may be thus treated by the talking film, how much more magical in its effects might be a transcription of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*? Here the camera assuredly has a "drama made to its hand." Even without the words, the screen has revealed a marvellous faculty for seizing the "fairy" element in pageant and pantomime. Hans Andersen is, indeed, child's play to the wizards of the cinema, and the "Arabian Nights" an entertainment that yields up all its mystery and miracle to this truly magic lantern. The legend of "Cinderella," as cast on the screen by the artists of the Ufa studios in Berlin, and the wonderful antics of the "Krazy Kat," are alone sufficient to prove that the film makers are seldom so inspired as when engaged on the joyful job of bringing to life the drolls and dragons of Never-Never Land. *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, therefore, would offer a fruitful field for the imagery of the pictures. With such material the all-potent camera-man could "shoot" to the heart's delight of the really capable director. That "wood near Athens" would certainly not "lack worlds of

company" nor enchanting diversities of knoll and dell. Given an animated composition of scenes, and the music of the verse interspersed with the Mendelssohnian melodies (played by a real orchestra, and not by the "synchronized" instruments that now accompany the "talkies") what a thing of beauty could be made of Shakespeare's fairy-fantasy—far surpassing in its completeness anything yet presented on the stage.

Confined to its dumb shadows, the cinema Shakespeare has hitherto been forced to concentrate on motion to illumine the "argument." And as the eye refuses to be strained for long if the ear is starved, it is to be feared that, as Puck put it, we

> have but slumbered here
> While these visions did appear.

The orchestra took on the whole business of providing the only sound that was heard, and (to paraphrase Pope) many must have gone "not for the *pictures* but the music there." If we had looked at the screen too often, we should have been in danger of seeing a too literal use being made of purple passages that were but meant for the ear. It was not enough for the ordinary film producer to say that a man started from one place and arrived at another—he had to be shown doing it. Shakespeare offers unparalleled facilities for the roving disposition, and the producer, faced with five acts of blank verse and a passionate intrigue that he did not quite know what to do with, was wont to slur over the actual stuff of the drama and busy himself with the "heard-offs" and "seen-offs" which afforded him extra opportunities of setting and display. A journey of any kind is a temptation in filmland, and Shakespeare's plays are full of journeys which were, however, intended for the mental and not the physical eye. To reproduce them in pictorial form is to paint the lily and gild refined gold. One recalls a score of such fatuities, which merely pandered to the infant intelligence and wasted good screen space which might more profitably have been employed in giving us the Shakespearean character involved in the Shakespearean crisis. Thus, baffled by the problem of Hamlet's madness, the screen would show him embarking for England, apostrophizing *en voyage* and returning to Elsinore. Shylock's comment on Tubal's double

narrative of good and evil fortune would be emphasized by scenes showing Antonio's ships going down, and Jessica squandering her father's ducats at a roulette table in Genoa. Like Gratiano, the too literal-minded producer of Shakespeare

> desires no more delight
> Than to be under sail and gone to-night.

For that means another little trip; and getting in and out of boats saves so much brain-work in making the story move in its gorgeous trappings of poetry and prose.

But now that the microphone has come to the aid of the movies, there will not be the same temptation to indulge in all these absurd elaborations of poetical passages into pictorial images. There is ample legitimate material in *Hamlet* without trying to bring the soliloquy "within its ambit." Any director of a Shakespeare "talkie" who went off on a photographic rampage, "shooting" wildly at every metaphorical allusion he saw in the distance, should be sacked at sight in order to discourage the others. This was one of the worst blemishes on all cinema "adaptations" in the silent days—the craziest example, possibly, being that of *The Admirable Crichton*, in which Barrie's incidental quotation from Henley was made the occasion of a whole garish interlude all to itself.

But there are other drawbacks to the "sound" drama on the screen which might do much to destroy the illusion of any work conceived in the grand style. It is a curious thing, for instance, that although human speech in this medium is by no means perfect enough for Shakespeare or anybody else, it is far more like the real thing than most of the other sounds which are heard. The movie-talkie has not yet mastered the simple shutting of a door, the rustling of paper, the clash of steel or the impact of any wooden objects. A revolver shot (and the cinema revels in revolver shots) is a ludicrous affair. A much better representation of this is achieved by the clapping of hands. A train or a motor-car in motion has also defeated the microphone. The "effects" man in the orchestral well could manage all these affairs more plausibly than the "sound" film has so far succeeded in doing. But the invention will almost certainly conquer these difficulties in time, as the camera has conquered

every difficulty of cinematography. Will it also eliminate that airless interval which now creeps in between speech and speech, as if all the characters had suddenly been struck dumb? On the stage a critical situation, if properly handled, mounts up in intensity, the feeling of the actors communicating itself to the audience. At these times the stage is alive, not only with argument and movement, but with a kind of spiritual emotion, independent of both these and transcending them. The "talkie" of the picture theatre has not yet attained this power. It has no over-tones or under-tones, no "fine shades and nice feelings." Intensity is damped down at the critical moments, and we are switched off to "another part of the platform." Clarity and crispness are all we have received from it up till now, and then only at its extreme best—and once the mechanism develops the least fault, it is useless to expect the actors to put it right.

The too insistent reminder that the actors are not really there, and that what they appear to be saying in front of us was actually said months before in a totally different place may, one ventures to hope, be obviated in the future, along with other shortcomings of the recording and amplifying apparatus. But still a further incongruity stands in the way of a perfect presentation of a Shakespeare piece containing big crowd scenes and dramatic orations. It is noticeable that when the crowd in a "talkie" film is kept steadily in focus the central character, who may be delivering an harangue, is relegated to "back-stage." When he is brought forward, and enlarged to the size appropriate to the sound, the ensemble (with the exception of the few nearest to him) is practically obliterated. This magnification of one personage at the expense of the rest was bad enough before speech was introduced. It is entirely out of keeping with the true technique of the talking picture. Far better the other extreme, in which the crowd in a big scene is shown listening to a speaker who is out of sight altogether. At any rate, this arrangement dispenses with the necessity of either pushing your orator so far back that (if the micro-camera operations had any real sense of proportion) his words could hardly be heard at all, or reducing your crowd to a mere blur.

In fact, the queer situation has arisen that the new

"dimension" that has been added to the cinema has opened the mouths of the characters and cramped their activities at the same time. The most effective talking has to be done in a confined area, with the surrounding scenery which was in view during the silent sequences shut off. The disadvantages of this limitation for the spacious Shakespeare will be apparent at once. It would indeed be an ironical circumstance if, at the very moment that the camera is able to animate the Shakespearean scene as never before, its "talkie" adjunct should step in and delimit the visual appeal. This dual business of spacing and timing, so as to obtain the greatest dramatic effect, must be one of the foremost concerns of the film producer who shall essay the tremendous task of making Shakespeare as pleasing to the ear as to the eye.

And there we come to the crux of the whole question. For it is quite useless to pursue the quest of the cinema Shakespeare unless there be a reasonable chance of getting as good a quality of voice reproduction from the screen as we now get in a broadcast play. Shakespeare by wireless is probably as irritating to many people as he was in the pictures. In one medium we lose the vision and in the other the voice. When we can have both in the new movie adaptations, the effect will be more depressing than ever if the volume of audibility is deficient in clearness, or suffers from the caprices of the machine which are now so painfully in evidence. Let us assume that our producer has got together a worthy company of Shakespeare performers; that the camera and the recorder have been brought into harmonious relationship, and that the theatre chosen for the experiment is "safe" as regards the acoustics—will everything then "be right on the night"? This is mainly a question for the "talkie" technicians; but judging by the progress already made in this department since the first American crook blared at us from the screen, there are good grounds for hope that, before long, even a Shakespeare may be heard issuing from the sound projector that will not affright the ears even of those who have been loudest in their condemnation of this new form of "canned" art.

In any case, this seems to be the only means available at present for popularizing Shakespeare among the masses. In the prevailing economic condition of the

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[*See also "Shaftesbury Homes," page i (advt.) and "Salvation Army" (back cover).*]

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theatre Shakespeare on a sumptuous scale has become far too risky a venture for any but millionaire promoters; and the ideals of Mr. Elizabethan Bareboards attract only the ascetics of the stage. It is within the bounds of possibility that the cinema magnates, guided by the inspiration of the theatre itself, may do something at last to atone for all the picture-plot nonsense they have inflicted on us in the last fifteen years. It is significant, at all events, that no less a man than Sir Nigel Playfair has welcomed the idea of Shakespeare being transposed into the terms of the talking film. He sees in it a useful auxiliary of the National Theatre—something that would keep Shakespeare alive before the eyes of the general public until such time (if ever) as he can be housed and presented again in a manner worthy of himself and his countrymen. Not the least of the advantages conferred by such productions would be that the smaller halls in suburbs and provinces would share the same standard of performance with the big cinemas of the cities—a thing almost impossible even in the palmiest Shakespearean days. There is no doubt about the films being able to rise to the height of their opportunities on the scenic side. The only danger here is (as has already been pointed out) that they might attempt to rise beyond that height. An invention that can cleave the Red Sea and precipitate another Flood would not boggle at the "cloud-capped towers" or the nocturnal witchery of Queen Mab. From such vagaries it would need to be dissuaded. But to project, say, the walls of Harfleur and Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane is the kind of imagery that falls lawfully within its province and could be done much better than on the stage. Such spectacular attractions alone would help to commend the Shakespeare film to the general body of picture-goers (large numbers of whom, it must be remembered, have never seen a Shakespeare play in any form whatever). When supplemented by the authentic verse, delivered by actors who could be trained to feel that in facing the microphone in the studio they were facing, not one, but perhaps a thousand audiences, the Shakespeare of the articulate screen might prove the most potent means yet devised for familiarizing the people of England with the art of their greatest dramatist.

Venetian Red

By J. Harrison

I HATE Venice with my whole heart and soul, yet every summer you will find me there. It was something that happened in Venice that turned the course of my life. Because of it I never married—well, perhaps I can hardly say that, but there are women to whom I might have proposed if I hadn't felt like a murderer. You may say this is the view of a morbid and neurotic man. Then I am morbid and neurotic. But you shall judge for yourselves.

It happened in Venice, years ago, on one of those oppressively hot nights when the only possible place is on the water. I was a young man, well-off, and rather lonely, and I could think of nothing better to do than to stroll out of my hotel, call up a slender black gondola, and be wafted away in solitary state down the famous Grand Canal. It was cooler on the water, and the scene amused me. On my first visit to Venice she was to me a magic city. It was still strange to me to be floating down a canal at night, to hear the gondolier humming to himself as he pulled slowly and lazily at his oar, still strange to see the water washing the steps of palaces, running up to the very walls as a road might in any other town. Some of the palaces were brilliantly lighted. In one a dance was in progress, and the guests were rowed up to the door, safely landed, while their gondolas were tied to posts outside to await their return. The lights sparkled on the water, and music floated faint through the warm air. The only sounds were laughter, faint music, and the swish of oars. It was a night to dream on, a night to love on, and I was young, and all alone in a gondola. Tired at last of making my slow and dreamy journey up the great waterway, of floating by palaces and bridges, I told the gondolier to return, and when he asked if he should take another way home, I said "Yes," caring very little one way or another. So he gave that strange call that every

gondolier gives before turning a corner. As there was no reply, he knew the way was clear, and we rowed into a narrow side canal where there was barely room for two gondolas to pass. The way was very quiet and dark. On either side rose the houses: palaces, once gay and rich, now dark and deserted, handed over to the poor, who lived like rats in every room. The monotonous swish-swish of the oar was only broken now and then by the faint thrumming of a guitar in some hidden alley, or the call of the gondolier as he rowed round a corner. So for hours, as it seemed, I drifted on in a state of lazy acceptance.

It was the light that roused me, a light among so much darkness and silence. It came from a window on the ground floor of a house directly facing the narrow waterway, a house at the point where two canals intersected. Every other house was dark and apparently deserted, so that this square of light drew my attention—not the harsh glare of a gas lamp, but the soft mellow glow of candles. It was a glowing frame for the figure that sat there, quiet and still—alone, as I was. Once the window had belonged to a palace rich in beautiful trappings, but the girl who sat at the window was poor. She was dressed in black, the colour which lends a sense of sadness and mystery to the Venetian girls in their glowing southern youth that fades so quickly. Her arms, slender and white, were on the window-sill, and above them a face, scarcely beautiful, yet with that calm entrancing look so often seen in pictures of the Madonna. But the girl's glory lay elsewhere. Often I had seen and admired in mellow pictures by the old masters the famous auburn hair, supposed to be common in Venice, though I had seldom seen it, and known as Venetian Red. The girl's beautiful glossy hair, thrown up by the light, was the true Venetian Red. It was a colour that always appealed to me intensely, and I kept my eyes on the picture she made in the window, with her auburn hair and serene face, till we made our leisurely way past. The girl was looking quietly out over the water—whether watching for someone, or just dreaming, I could not say, but I never took my eyes off her till the gondolier cried his cry and we floated round another corner out of sight.

I sighed a little, and settled myself more comfortably against the cushions. I was alone, she was alone, and it was a night to love on. Seized with a sudden mad impulse, I told the gondolier to stop. Often afterwards I felt as if some evil spirit prompted me to do it. But still, there it was. We stopped. "Wait here," I told the gondolier. "I will be back in a few moments."

"Si, signore," he returned, nothing loath to rest.

Stepping on to the narrow pavement, I walked round the corner to where the light still burned in the window. The nearer I drew, the more I was fascinated by the girl's hair, its glossiness, its beautiful Venetian Red. My plans were all laid; I walked up to the house, hesitated, looked at the number, at the heavy brass knocker.

Then I raised my hat and spoke to the girl.

"Excuse me, signora, but does Signor Visotti live here?"

She turned unstartled eyes to me, and as the light caught her hair, it glinted gold and red.

"Scusi, signore?" she said, and her voice was low and pleasing.

"Does Signore Visotti live here?" I repeated, knowing that there was small chance of success, as I had invented him on the spur of the moment.

"No, signore," she said, and turned away her head.

There was a silence; she had apparently finished. But I had not. "Are you sure he doesn't live here?" I said.

Again she turned her head, but this time the serenity had gone from her eyes, and in its place was something between uneasiness and fear.

"He does not live here, signore. I have told you. No one of the name lives here."

"Then who does?" I asked. "This was the address I was given."

"There are only the Gastonis and the Menardis, and ourselves, my husband and me, the Bernadottis. Good night, signore."

She turned her head away, as though this was quite final. But I was not going to be put off like this. Her hair was wonderful; every time she moved her head I took fresh pleasure in it.

"Does Signor Visotti live near here?" I insisted.

"I cannot say. I know no Visottis," she said; and then in a half whisper: "Please, signore, for the love of God, go."

But I was lost in admiration of her beautiful hair, and did not move.

"I know no Visottis," she repeated a little louder.

"Can you tell me who would be likely to know him?" I asked.

She looked at me, and there was a mute appeal in her eyes. But I, fool that I was, paid no heed.

"I know no one, I can tell you of no one," she said, and rose to move away.

"I am sorry to have troubled you. It is a fine night, is it not?" I asked; and then, with a last glance at the glorious hair, I moved away. As I went back to my gondola, I saw the girl take up her place at the window once more. That was all—the impulse of a silly young man on a summer's night to speak to a Venetian girl with the most glorious hair I had ever seen. I retraced my steps and found my gondolier engaged in the time-honoured recreation of wordy sparring with a confrère. I was obliged to cut short their reflections on each other's female relatives, or I might have been there all night. Slowly I drifted off again. "Do you know," I asked the gondolier, "a man named Bernadotti who lives round there?"

"Si, signore," he replied promptly; "Giuseppe Bernadotti. He copies pictures from the churches and sells them to strangers. But whether they are too bad, or the prices too high, I cannot say. He is as poor as a church mouse."

"Good," I thought to myself, "I will perhaps give him work"; and we rowed home in silence.

It must have been nearly a year later when I found myself once more in Venice. It was again a hot night when I went out in a gondola, and I suddenly thought of the girl I had seen. I would like to look at that glorious hair again; I could surely find some excuse.

"Row up the Grand Canal," I told the gondolier, "and come back by that small canal beyond the iron bridge."

" Si, signore," he replied, and we moved off.

The scene was as it had been before, quiet but for the sound of oars and faint music. It seemed an eternity while we glided slowly up the canal, but at last we turned off into the side way. Slowly with lazy strokes the gondolier drove the boat along. When we turned the corner, I was swept with disappointment. For the window where the girl had sat was as dark as any other. Tonight there was a full moon, and that was the only light we had, save for a little flickering lamp on the prow of the gondola. On either side silent dark houses, no sound, no light. When we had passed the house and turned the corner, I stopped the gondolier and told him to wait. Swiftly I went back to the house. There was no light in any part of it, and in the moonlight it looked cold and ghostly. There was something chilling about it, as though it was empty and haunted. The soft scented night demanded the warmth of the lighted window. It was a picture I had put away in my mind—the square of light flooding the water, and the girl framed in it, waiting. Unreasonably enough I had expected to see just what I had seen before. I hesitated a minute before the dark house. If I knocked, perhaps the girl would answer it herself. I could give some excuse: I wanted to see her husband on business, anything to see that glorious hair. I was lifting my hand to the knocker when a voice behind me said: " You want someone there? They are all out or asleep."

A tall, dark man stood behind me. I could not see his face well, for he kept it in the shadow of his big dark hat.

" Yes," I said, " I want Bernadotti the painter. Is he in, do you know? "

The man began to laugh.

" No, signore, he is not in."

" When will he be in? " I asked stiffly, a little nettled by the laughter, which redoubled itself at my question.

" When, signore? Never. He's left here for good."

" Oh," I said, still stiffly; " where has he gone? "

" Now that," said the man, " is just what no one can tell, though most people are pretty certain in their own minds."

And again he laughed as at a good joke, till, seeing my face, he stopped.

"Oh, pardon, signore, I forgot you did not know. It is quite a long story."

I saw his gaze travel to a small wine shop, and impatient to hear what he had to say, I said hastily, "Let us have a drink while we talk."

He accepted with alacrity, and we sat down in the small, deserted wine shop.

"It was like this," the man explained; and I sat back prepared to listen, knowing that, once a Venetian starts to explain, he will go on for some time without any apparent need of breath.

"I and my wife," he said, "lived in the same house as Bernadotti and his wife. She was a young Venetian girl with red hair."

I nodded, for I remembered that hair vividly enough —beautiful Venetian red.

"Bernadotti was foolishly fond of his wife," the man went on. "How long it would have lasted I don't know, but it didn't get a chance to cool off. He was very jealous, very, and quick tempered. But he was very handsome, also, with a beautiful voice. Now it happened like this. It must have been one evening about a year ago—just about that, for I remember it was on a hot night like this, that I heard him come in late at night. I listened, and this is what I heard." I was prepared for a perfectly accurate account of what happened, because I knew that a Venetian always listens shamelessly to anything, and has no scruples about repeating it.

"His wife was waiting up for him," the man went on, "and as soon as he came in, she could see he was in a temper. He banged the door, and wouldn't answer a word she said. Then at last:

"'Who was the man you were speaking to tonight?' he roared at her. His wife, Vittoria was her name, paled and cowered. I could see it all—their room is opposite to ours and the door was open.

"'Don't deny it,' he shouted; 'I know. I was told. You sat at the window and spoke to a man. Who was he?'

"'I don't know,' Vittoria faltered.

"'You don't know?' he shouted. 'I'll make you know.'

"'I don't know,' she said, almost crying. 'I was sitting at the window waiting for you when a man came up and asked me if Signor Visotti lived here. I told him no; no one of the name lived here. He thanked me, asked if I knew of anyone who could help him, said it was a fine night, and went away.'

"'A likely story that,' he screamed. 'You don't expect me to believe it. His name—I tell you; his name—and I'll kill him tonight.'"

"But it was true," the man said, sipping his wine reflectively, "for my wife heard the conversation herself, and that was all that passed between them. But Giuseppe Bernadotti would believe nothing. What he thought Vittoria had done I can't imagine, for she was a good wife and devoted to him. But there it was. Bernadotti screamed and raved, Vittoria wept and pled; and then suddenly—they had got to the far end of the room, I could not see all—there was a crash and then silence. We all waited a minute, and then from every floor people came running down to see what had happened. You never saw such a sight. He had struck Vittoria with a candlestick and she had gone down with a crash, striking her head on an old chest, with a sharp edge. She only lived a few minutes. There was no time even to call a priest. There was blood everywhere, in pools. She lay in it, soaked in it. Giuseppe was suddenly brought to his senses and took her in his arms. He poured out passionate regrets, condemned himself, wept. And Vittoria, very quiet and weak, put her hand in his and tried to kiss him as he swore he believed every word she had said. The next moment she was dead in his arms. He was almost beside himself then. He was jealous and passionate, but he loved her. I knew that. I've had a good education, and my brains are as good as anyone's when they are clear. But when she was dead, he was like a stranger. The authorities came quickly, but I don't think he would have tried to escape them. He didn't want to live any longer. He was dazed and crushed. Of course, they put him to death, but he welcomed it. So there were two people dead because a

stranger asked a question. Only it was funny your asking when he would be in. And as to where he has gone, not even the priests dare tell. For myself, I think the saints would put in a good word for him. And he had burned many candles to the Virgin. So that's the story, signore."

I thanked him, and felt as if I were being stifled. I longed to get away.

"I must go," I said, jumping up. "Will you pay for the wine out of this?" and I put some money on the table. He winked, and I left quickly. Outside I paused for breath. Two people dead because of a silly impulse of mine—because I wouldn't go when the girl asked me. Two people dead, two people, two—because a stranger asked a question; and I was the stranger, from thenceforward a stranger to my old self. In my eyes it was akin to murder. It may seem morbid, and then I grant I am morbid. I always have it on my soul. I stumbled back to my gondola and got home somehow.

And now, although I hate Venice, I go there every year, and every year I row down that side canal, and whenever I go—for I have to go, some irresistible force sends me—whether the windows are dark as night itself, or illuminated, I always see one window softly lighted, and sitting there, looking at me with quiet eyes, a girl whose hair is the true Venetian Red.

In The Jungle

By Martin Armstrong

HERE through the sea-green twilight slinks
  The tiger with his jewelled eye,
And sleek and slim the crafty lynx,
  Prick-eared, like Satan, lurches by.
The lion, ruffed in kingly gold,
  Awakes and stretches in his lair;
Bright birds, like fiery meteors, scold
  Fluttering through the sunless air;
And through the spawning undergrowth
  The bronze-bright snake, flat-headed, keen,
Wakened from a month of sloth
  Flows on his rustling way unseen.
Here like a vast unburied root
  The river-horse sleeps in the ooze,
And poisonous flowers and fatal fruit
  Drip from above their deadly dews.
But hid behind the tiger's stealth,
  The lion's rage, the lynx's guile,
Behind the teeming poisonous wealth
  Of flower and fruit—older than Nile,
Craftier than palaces of popes
  And crueller than Spanish kings,
The Jungle Spirit grins and gropes
  After the desperate wanderings
Of the lost traveller, whose mazed sight
  Shall never greet his native groves,
Nor ever find the sweet daylight,
  Nor see again the face he loves.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Mildness of Politics.

"That was a hot wan," said Sergeant Murphy, as he threw the newspaper aside. "That wan got home, I bet."

"What was that?" asked Heddle.

"Oh, somethin' that happened in the House of Commons yestherday," replied the Sergeant. "Misther Wedgwood Benn, who's the Ministher for India, and who's no Carnera in the way of height, said somethin' that got Misther Lloyd George's dandher up, so me bould David, who's got no inches to boast of himself, made a tactful reference to 'a pocket Moses.' 'Annyhow,' says the other, 'I don't worship the Golden Calf.'"

"Smart that," said Heddle, with an approving smile. "He meant all that money Lloyd George's got. And what did he answer to that?"

"He went home to work up a reply," said the Sergeant, "and he'll bring wan back that'll make Misther Benn think a ten-ton thruck has met him head on."

"They don't have the slanging matches nowadays they used to have in the House," said Heddle.

"They do not," replied the Sergeant. "There's rougher words passed at a conference of bishops than in the House. But for the honour and glory of the thing, the Mace might as well not be within easy reach of the Speaker's grip. The proceedin's is modelled on the best Rothary lines. 'Say, Ram,' says Stan, 'when do we take the Coke Oven Amendment Act?' 'Choosday,' says Ram. 'That is, if Phil and I can get back in time from the Mosley tea-party.' And so on.

"It's here that Britain, as usual, leads the world. We've thrust Parliaments and politicians be our example on other counthries, but they don't run things in the gentlemanly way we do.

"In the French Parliament, I'm told, resthraint is unknown. The leader of wan party rises to make a speech on vaccinatin' the gallant nigger soldiers of *la belle France*, and bloods himself for the job be suggestin'

that the head of wan of the eight opposin' parties belongs to a rather morganatic branch of the toad family, and if everybody had his rights, would be smokin' a hay cigarette on the Divil's Island. Scarcely are the words out of his mouth when a couple of the opposite faction come scramblin' up the benches in ordher to separate him from his flowin' whiskers.

"That's the stuff that keeps French politics and the seven hundhred and fifty-two broadsheets they call Paris newspapers alive. None of that right honourable gentleman stuff in politics. They don't undherstand it.

"It's the same in nearly every other counthry except ours. If you're opposed to a man in politics, it means you're dead agen his ox and his ass and the way he dhresses his hair.

"Mind you, we ourselves haven't always been so Y.M.C.A. in party matthers.

"A few years before the war a thrue blue Conservative would make the sign of the cross at the sight of a Liberal, and a supporter of the People's Budget would step into the road when passin' the Carlton Club for fear of a piece of the roof bein' dhropped on him."

"Yes," said Heddle. "There's not that bitterness there used to be. The Premier and Mr. Baldwin are great friends, I hear."

"They are," said Sergeant Murphy. "I don't know annywan that Misther Baldwin isn't friends with. But listen to this.

"I've been readin' about a member called Plimsoll, who was the means of gettin' a law passed to prevent ships from bein' overloaded. He was so disthressed at the thought of sailors goin' to sea in coffin boats that he created a dhreadful scene in the House. The reason was he felt so sthrong on the subject.

"I suppose it's our way, Heddle, to end a contest on sportin' lines be givin' three hearty cheers for the opposin' team and for the captains to sthroll off arm in arm.

"It'ud be different, no doubt, if politicians had sthrong feelin's on matthers of State, or if what they said about their opponents in their election addhresses was to be taken as read."

The Art of John Galsworthy

By Horace Shipp

The Roof. By John Galsworthy. (Vaudeville Theatre.)
*Collected Plays of John Galsworthy.** (Duckworth.)

THE production of a new play by Galsworthy is an event in the theatre; the publication of his twenty-seven dramas in an omnibus volume is an event in literature. Their creator is, with Shaw, the best-known English writer abroad, and both men have achieved that degree of immortality which makes the appellation of "Mr." almost a discourtesy. Both, too, have arrived at that point of distinction where it becomes essential for any bright young person to demonstrate luminosity and youth by damning them and all their works: for if one can't be God, one can at least be blasphemous; which is a great consolation to finite mind. On the other hand, we are faced with the danger of the criterion: "If it's by a good author, it's a good play;" and viewed in the red light of that danger we are forced to see that Shaw's *The Apple Cart*, even though we gladly agree that it *is* a good play, is infinitely poorer than, say, *Heartbreak House*; and that Galsworthy's *The Roof* does not reach the standard of *Strife* or *The Forest*.

The Roof is very good entertainment. Its episodic story is that of an inebriated gentleman at a Paris hotel who, to be revenged for a fancied slight by the old waiter, plays a foolish joke with some paraffin and catches fire to the hotel. The announcement of that fire, like the passing of Browning's Pippa, becomes a test for souls. In various bedrooms, life is playing out its tragedies and comedies. In seven scenes we observe the genesis of that joke, and the result of its result upon the individual players. The final scene when they are gathered on the roof with at least a sporting chance of incineration in the building blazing beneath them is obviously planned by the author to point his philosophy, and Galsworthy proceeds with his usual legerdemain to produce good eggs out of bad hats. The inebriate becomes a hero; everybody says, "After you, please," in the matter of the fire-chute; a woman, who has left her husband experimentally, decides to leave him permanently; the men go to the

* (Published November, 1929. 8s. 6d. net.)

rescue of anybody who needs rescuing. As one character remarks, " It's an ill fire that tests no metal," but the trouble with this play is that the author has too consciously lit the fire to test the metal. He presents a series of interesting character studies, and a series of detached scenes each in its own way of tragedy or comedy entertaining. A middle-aged couple who were jangling their way along the dull road of matrimony provided excellent farcical fare with a mosquito hunt; the lady in process of becoming detached from her legitimate husband gave an analysis of modern morals and the tentatives of such a situation; two girls—" of fourteen and twelve " the printed volume assures me, although they behaved like seven and nine—were intended to divert us with childish pranks; a young blood experimented with " seeing life " by drinking too much; an author faced life and death as a stoic after Galsworthy's own heart; and Horace Hodges, as an adorable waiter, dispensed food and philosophy to the whole collection. It has to be said that the collection returned the philosophy with interest. Everybody talked about " Life." Baker, a forty-year-old man of the world, can push away his poker cards and within two minutes be saying: " Funny word, ' life,' Major," ; the awful children cease their game of caterwauling outside the doors of strange guests in this strange hotel, to enquire anxiously of their mother : " Tell us more about ' life,' mum." Mum does. Lennox, dying author (sensitively played by J. H. Roberts) has an orgy of philosophy; but in his case it is forgivable, for authors tend to be consciously interested in the subject and dying ones more so. Actually Galsworthy might legitimately have made Lennox his mouthpiece, the rest of them should have dealt with life by implication not by discussion. It is the first great fault of the play. Since all these characters are English, the fault becomes obvious, for as a nation we are not given to chatting about fundamentals. Tchehov's Russians could do it, but he manages to let us know exactly what they think about life when they discuss having tea.

The second trouble is that Galsworthy's philosophy tends to be sentimental in its all-embracing optimism. Into Lennox in this play he has put some of the robust stoicism which is his finest note. Much of the rest

belongs to the conventional values inculcated at the best public schools; and it gets us little further than the idea that "decent" behaviour is "decent," and if we are the right sort of people fundamentally, we shall come out well in crises. The whole play becomes a kind of symbolism of such crises; and because of that symbolism we can be unconcerned with certain errors of realistic verisimilitude. But, if this be its significance, we wish that it could say something deeper than its rather facile philosophy.

Looking back over the great body of Galsworthy's work, as the collected volume of the plays presents it, one realises that his profoundest contribution has been on the institution of property. Whenever Galsworthy writes a novel or a play where this problem of property is posed, he writes at his best. Property, and Class, which is property in the soul, are his dual theme. From *The Silver Box* to *The Forest* his plays were a variation on this. He understands it. Belonging by birth and training to the propertied class, but having a broadness of sympathy which associates him intellectually with the "Have-nots," Galsworthy could make his studies of possession and of the interaction of possession and non-possession into such an epic of contemporary life as the Forsyth Saga, or the series of the early plays. Dual understanding made him detached, and his humanity made him sympathetic. In the early work his detachment kept him remote, with the remoteness of the upright judge. Recently he has left the judicial bench and taken a brief for every prisoner at the bar, and in his pleading we have a certain amount of the emotional slither inevitable to advocacy. Galsworthy ought not to talk about "life"; he ought to talk about having money and owning land, and what that does to you; and about not having money nor land and what *that* does to you; and what is the reaction of those who have to those who have not, and where their common humanity binds them and where it is too weak to stand the strain of Property and Class. Then again we shall have big stuff from him, and a greater contribution on the subject of "Life" than this conscious moralising and symbolism of *The Roof*.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GEORGE MOORE. By GERAINT GOODWIN. Benn. 10s. 6d.

MR. GOODWIN has staged and written down his talks very well. Still they may disappoint the critic. Men of letters are not always so well fitted to be guides, philosophers and friends as they fondly suppose. No sincere worker can reach the veteran stage without having something interesting to say, some comment on the views of the past or the tendencies of the present. The veteran, however, may, like Mr. Walpole's Hans Frost, be aware that he is only a fashion, greeted with enthusiasm by people whose applause is not always judicious. *On cause mieux, quand on ne dit pas, causons.* He is tempted to produce what is not worth saying and talk about his own achievements when it would be more gracious to recall those of others. The real disciple, as Nietzsche remarked, grows up to admire, but also to abuse and correct, his master. Mr. Goodwin is evidently young, an adorer prepared to collect pearls every day in Ebury Street. He encourages a colossal vanity and discovers a Don Quixote, though no writer has made such cruel copy of his friends as Mr. Moore. He parades the dubious doctrine that a writer's best efforts come out of his corrections. Mr. Moore is amusing about the Webbs and the Haig statue, but much of the talk so reverently received is not notable. Plagiarism is described as only justified when the theft is improved, but there is no reason to stop work to emit a commonplace proclaimed many years since. "Education is no more than a kind of asphyxiation which destroys the mind," says the master, being self-educated, "and education never did any more than to take the edge off a man's intelligence." This is cheap generalisation, and we hope that what the talker briefly describes as "the best article ever written on the subject"—by himself, of course—is a little more illuminating. Education of the old classical sort might certainly improve the four hexameters suddenly produced to carry on the narrative of the forthcoming "Aphrodite in Aulis." It is sheer ignorance to say, "The whole of Greek literature was written before anyone knew what a verb or a noun was." Has he never heard of the Alexandrian school? But what can one say to a man who solves the problem of the Resurrection in five minutes? We hope Mr. Moore, as a stylist, did not talk about "loaning" a book. The English is "lend," and a writer who runs down Stevenson, Kipling and Hardy might be more careful about his "very superb" language. Did Hardy, it is asked, ever imagine what was being said about him in Ebury Street? If he did, he would possibly not have minded. The English are not given to much talking, but they realise that the Irish get intoxicated with their own gifts for rhetoric. V. R.

LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By W. F. MONYPENNY and G. E. BUCKLE. Revised by G. E. BUCKLE. Murray. 2 vols. 21s.

THOUGH rather heavy in the hand, this two-volume edition of the original six-volume "Life of Beaconsfield" is a wonderful piece of book-production, being no epitome but a complete reissue of the original text on thin paper. Since the completion of the book in 1920 it has been treated as a quarry from which several tolerably shapely fragments have been hewn, but its superiority will be felt by anyone who has had an opportunity of comparing them. The work will in truth bear comparison with Trevelyan's "Macaulay," and Morley's "Gladstone," as among the best of political biographies.

The late Mr. Monypenny, who completed the first two volumes before the war, carried the narrative down to the resignation of Peel after the repeal of the Corn Laws. The chief feature of this section is perhaps the skilful use made of Disraeli's autobiographical novels, which are elaborately analysed and commented on. Masterly chapters on "Coningsby" and "Sybil" are followed up by a long commentary labelled "The Tory Idea," a significant passage in which dwells upon the note of irony which is always present especially when the writer is most grave and solemn. Strongly defending the political consistency of his subject, Monypenny maintains with more than plausibility that he was overburdened with convictions rather than destitute of them, but admits a revolutionary side in his political genius. But he contends that Disraeli was only really great in action.

Dealing with the contest with Peel, the biographer holds the scales fairly evenly, maintaining that Disraeli was never a hard shell Protectionist.

Mr. Buckle carried on the work in the spirit of his predecessor, which may perhaps be styled discriminating hero-worship. He had a greater amount of original material at his disposal and there is a larger proportion of quotation to commentary. In his first instalment covering Disraeli's rise to be Opposition leader in the Commons and his first tenure of office, great use is made of the Derby-Disraeli correspondence; and in succeeding volumes there were Dizzy's letters to his wife, to Mrs. Brydges Willyams, and those interchanged between him and Queen Victoria, besides selections from the singular epistles we reviewed last month. Perhaps Monypenny's apologies for the excessive length of his second volume are more applicable to his successor's first, when Disraeli was building up his own position rather than influencing the destinies of the nation. The chapter on "Tancred," Dizzy's own favourite work, based on Monypenny, is of some importance; and the defence of the outburst against "those wretched colonies," as a temporary ebullition, more than atoned for by the preceding advocacy of

THE MEMOIRS OF GENERAL WRANGEL

Translated by S. F. GOULSTON, B.A.

This is the only first-hand account yet published of the White Counter-Revolution in Russia. It is an epic of glorious failure written in simple but vigorous style by a man who was pre-eminently a soldier, and will appeal to the general reader as much as to the student of modern European History.

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colonial representation, in the British Parliament, should not pass unnoticed.

In the course of the next volume we see Dizzy for a second time in a minority government under Derby, and find this supposed self-seeker more than once offering to relinquish his hard-won position in the Commons to serve under Palmerston. Very frequent also is the exchange of letters with the elusive Gladstone in '58, with Dizzy's vain appeal—" Don't you think the time has come when you might deign to be magnanimous? " Palmerston's death brings the two men face to face and Derby's retirement at length enables Dizzy to reach the top of the greasy pole, though again without a parliamentary majority. There is a laboured defence of the dishing of the Whigs in '67. Mr. Buckle admits " a certain lack of scruple on some occasions," but successfully maintains Disraeli's general fidelity to Conservative principles and shows how the charm of his personality successfully overcame the prejudices against him of Queen Victoria and Lord Salisbury, as they had previously those of Lord Derby. He is sceptical as to the genuineness of his wish to retire rather than accept a peerage, but emphasises the conviction that real power had come too late in life. " I really am too old for ambition . . . the loss of my sceptre would not break my heart," he tells Lady Bradford in

1876, before he had become Lord Beaconsfield. Royal favour, public confidence, and the sweets of power scarcely balanced physical failure.

ALL THAT I HAVE MET. By MRS. CLAUDE BEDDINGTON. Cassell. 18s.

MRS. BEDDINGTON has a pleasant sense of humour and a passion for recording things. One of the advisers she quotes in her preface remarks, "Mind you provide plenty of quotable tit-bits for the reviewers." She has certainly done that in her entertaining survey and can claim literary connections. We are introduced to Alfred Austin, a funny little man for the tall, and his labours for the *Standard*, which had a good deal to do with his promotion to the Poet Laureate's place. He said to the author, "My child, have you ever noticed how many great men are called *Alfred?*" Another man blessed with self-conceit was the Shah of Persia, Nasir-i-Din. He explained, when asked to repair the tomb of Omar Khayyám, "We have many better poets—indeed, I myself . . ." He gave a punster on his name a pension for life.

The book is quite right in noting Gladstone's way "of making you believe, when he talked to you, that you were the only person in the world." There are some interesting letters from Oscar Wilde, in one of which the scrap of Greek has gone wrong. He said rightly that the Irish "were the greatest talkers since the Greeks."

Mrs. Beddington had, like many of the earlier generation, a Spartan upbringing, a spare regimen which W. S. Gilbert preferred, when he could afford luxury. His character is neatly diagnosed. Perhaps it is her experience of early strictness which has made the author so eminently companionable and free in spirit. There is not a trace of malice in her records of notabilities, and she has a happy memory for amusing things, such as the plaint of a London girl to a country friend:

"These 'ere Zellepin hair-raids are somethink awful: it's a whizz and a bang and you're 'urled into maternity!"

G. K. C. AS M.C.: BEING A COLLECTION OF THIRTY-SEVEN INTRODUCTIONS BY G. K. CHESTERTON. Selected and edited by J. P. DE FONSEKA. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THOUGH prefaces to books are overdone today, there is only one Chesterton, who, seeing that these things need excuses, remarks that "one is generally driven . . . to write about almost anything except the book." What we get, in fact, is something about the authors introduced and a good deal of that free and independent spirit which is G.K.C. In many ways it is a typically English spirit in healthy revolt against modern invasions on our liberties. The paradoxical style may grow tedious, but the voice is always bright and courageous.

Since G. K. C. himself has supplied a foreword, the rather elaborate humour of the editor seems a little superfluous.

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Though often in Paris, she can find in the country a source of serenity of spirit which reminds one of Wordsworth. We get glimpses of the mocking Heine; of Liszt companioned by an odd Princess who needed the novelist's gift of idealizing; of editor Buloz eager to print the easy sort of romanticism. George Sand stands out among these brilliant friends by virtue of her steady idealism and catholicity of view, her sincerity and moral fervour. She was always, as she wrote, "tourmentée des choses divines."

The book is mainly, we suppose, intended for the United States, since it adopts the spelling of that country, and refers to authorities there of whom the English reader knows little.

MOSES: THE LORD OF THE PROPHETS. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

THE author of the treatise "On the Sublime" in one of the few contacts between Greek and Hebrew declares that

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early as we expect, but his difficulties are fully recognized. They were, we presume, increased by the intermixture of Egyptian blood among the people, the "strangers sojourning" among them. A modern reader can hardly fail to find cruelty in the judgments of Moses, as when he condemned a man to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath. Mr. Wilson presents the natural revolt of humanity against such legislation and suggests that it was partly the reason why Moses was excluded from the Promised Land. Yahweh is a jealous god in these primitive times, and the question how far the larger spirit of the New Testament could be expected is very difficult.

JAMES WOLFE, MAN AND SOLDIER. By W. T. WAUGH. Montreal, L. Carrier; London, Brentano. 21s.

ONE would have thought that the career of so well-known a hero as Wolfe had been thoroughly investigated long ago; but the author, a professor at McGill University, is able to print some unpublished things and has produced a vivid biography. Wolfe was the keenest of professional soldiers, well-read on military subjects, a severe critic of himself and others, and rather too apt to be contemptuous. He was an odd figure in appearance, but clearly better equipped than his colleagues in war. For the failure at

Rochefort in 1757 he was not responsible, and he came well out of the Commission of Inquiry, a man marked for promotion. The next two years saw him concerned in operations of the highest importance, and his diseased body may excuse his excitability and vituperation. He may have realized that, if he failed now, he would not live to patch up his career. At any rate he had no illusions about the performances of others, and his blunt way of talking must have been often offensive, though the author shows that he was not vindictive or ungenerous in his views of other commanders.

The story of his boasting bravado at Pitt's table before he left for the expedition at Quebec is regarded as of dubious authenticity. His final achievements supply, of course, the chief interest of the book and it is to be noticed that he gave much thought to selecting his principal officers, though one of his brigadiers, Townshend, was not of his choosing. He had an army that for once he could praise, but he was in bad health. His opponent, Montcalm, was a great man, but hampered by quarrels and an amazing system of corruption which reduced provisions and carried the funds meant for military purposes into private pockets. Wolfe's tactics and orders are much disputed, and some of them seem to have been invented without any idea beyond deceiving the enemy. He kept his real intentions to himself as long as possible, and his attack scaling the famous Heights was, according to the author, nothing like so difficult a feat as has been supposed. But it found the French surprised and bewildered. Quebec was mastered; but even so, it has been suggested that Wolfe might have done better, and the author replies to this contention with great ability. The maps and plans are excellent, and some curious caricatures of Wolfe by Townshend have not appeared in a book before. They show a perky and rather comic nose which also appears in the figure of Wolfe on his large monument in the Abbey erected by "King and Parliament." Professor Waugh is contemptuous about it, but it includes a neat little bas-relief of the river and cliffs above which brought Wolfe death and glory at thirty-two. The story of his remark about Gray's "Elegy" is critically examined and may be true, since he was an enthusiastic admirer of the poem.

We wish the author had attempted a character-study in a final chapter. The chief fault of Wolfe, it seems to us, was his priggishness, and we say this with due allowance for the sententious language of his period.

Tu Fu. The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet, A.D. 712–770. Arranged from his poems and translated by Florence Ayscough. I. A.D. 712–759. Jonathan Cape. 21s.

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of whom it is said by his countrymen, "The History of the State can be read in his poems." Of learned stock even to the third generation, Tu Fu aspired to a modest post in the Civil Service, but the way thereto proved long and discouraging. Twice he failed to pass the requisite examinations, owing to the resolve of the Examiner, Li Lin-fu (Old Man of Heaven) that his own lack of education should not be made conspicuous by the presence of brilliant brains; and yet a third time, at the age of forty, he met a like fate at the hands of the same potentate—and that in spite of the fact that the Emperor had, on the strength of his three poems to the Three Great Rites, just welcomed him with effusion to the Chi Hsien Yüan or Garden where the Talented

are Perched. He was made prisoner during a rebellion, but escaped to the Travelling Palace of the Heir Apparent to find his ambitions realized by his appointment as Censor. Over-conscientiousness, however, in this delicate office caused him to become a nuisance, and we leave him, for the nonce, as a provincial underling, lamenting the course of things in general. Alike in his natural turn for conviviality and in his unfeigned zeal for the State, Tu Fu has something in common with Horace, but a career of precipitous ups and downs, combined with the responsibility of a family to give him a more poignant view of life than the Roman poets.

Mrs. Ayscough has accomplished the task of translation—the difficulty of which is appreciably enhanced by the cloud of allusion which tends to obscure Chinese poetry in Western eyes—with signal success; while her experiment in omitting, Chinese fashion, whenever possible, prepositions, articles, conjunctions and the like, proves more effective than might have been supposed. Of special interest, too, is the admirable Biographical Index, with its startling details of the prodigies of Chinese legend and history. The volume is handsomely produced and lavishly illustrated with drawings from the brush of a Chinese dilettante of the last century, and is further provided with a Map, Plans and a General Index. We await its successor with a lively interest.

TRAVEL AND NATURAL HISTORY.

AUSTRALIAN DISCOVERY. Edited by ERNEST SCOTT. Vol. I.—By Sea. Vol. II.—By Land. With portraits and maps. Dent. Each 10s. 6d.

THIS is an excellent book which might well find a place in many school libraries. The editor, who is Professor of History in the University of Melbourne, writes a capable introduction, which is followed by the narratives of the explorers themselves. This method is much to be preferred to that of the populariser who often does not know the ground he deals with. The Australian explorers lack the fine English of the Elizabethans, but their courage and enterprise come out in their stories, which to-day are little known, and sometimes not easy to get at all. Cook's original narrative is better than its elaboration in the "Voyages," which are often heavily sententious. The exploits of Flinders are here reprinted for the first time.

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explorers through, but others perished through perversity. The main reason for advance was the desire to secure good grazing lands, but Cunningham, whose discoveries did much for farmers, remained grotesquely unappreciated, and was expected "to grow vegetables for the higher ranks of the Civil Service" in a patch of Botanical Gardens. It is strange and sad to notice the treatment English pioneers get from stupid government authorities, and wonderful how they continue work for which no adequate reward can be expected. In view of the desperate situations of Australian exploration—spinifex and sand, and natives often treacherous or ready to steal provisions and desert at the first opportunity—the fullness of the narratives from day to day is remarkable.

The maps and drawings are useful, but we should have been glad to have one of Australia on a larger scale, showing the course of the rivers with the names of the explorers and dates.

CEYLON. By ASHLEY GIBSON. Illustrated by Barbara Shaw. Dent. 5s.

THE Editor of the "Outward Bound" Library has done a service to readers by reviving his "Cinnamon and Frangipanni" as plain "Ceylon" with a few corrections. The book is an admirable piece of literature, keen criticism of places and people being varied with excellent stories both from the old world of legend and the newer fascinating world of strange animals and gems. Nobody can resist the admirable chapter on "Beasts and Superbeasts," with its account of elephants, and, in another way, the story of "The Compleat Bachelor" is equally good. Evidently, Mr. Gibson has wide knowledge which leaves the glib globe-trotter far behind; but all his lore is so easily delivered that it makes delightful reading.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE. Edited with Introduction by E. M. NICHOLSON. Illustrated with Woodcuts by ERIC FITCH DAGLISH. Thornton Butterworth. £2 2s.

THIS edition of an English classic is admirable in every way except that it is a little too bulky to take in hand and carry to the fireside. Against this, however, we may set the clear and leisurely print, worthy of the famous Letters. Their careful and comely English should be a relief to those who are tired of the restless cleverness of to-day. White represents the well-employed leisure of an eighteenth century gentleman, but he was no slave to natural history, forgetting humanities, as Mr. Nicholson points out in his excellent sketch of his life. The portrait of him as a young man might belong to one of Jane Austen's lively bachelors.

The editing has been very well done, being due to an expert on bird life and behaviour. The discoveries made since Gilbert's time are noted. We read of the territorial claims made by birds and of the comparatively recent solution of various problems. Identifications of species and notes of their present prevalence are very useful, and where details are missing, they can be found in the "Synonymy" added at the end. We should have given a little more attention to the Latin in this unclassical age, even when it is a mere ornament. Thus Horace is twice referred to at the end of Letter XXIV and a significant word is missing from the Virgilian quotation about birds on p. 323, which in White's time gentlemen, no doubt, readily recognized. There is more of Virgil than the Index shows. The notes on persons, such as the Quaker Dr. Fothergill, are always to the point. Mr. Daglish has a fine sense of decoration. The book shows a marked advance on previous editions.

ENGLISH WILD LIFE. By ERIC PARKER. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

THIS is a charming book in the new "English Heritage" Series, of reasonable length, yet packed with knowledge well varied by personal reminiscence. Mr. Parker is a veteran lover of Nature, with a long interest in wild life. He can write of the illicit catching of fish at Eton and the unwillingness to destroy life which comes later. He revels in the sights and sounds which in their perfect setting mean so much to the expert lover of the country. On birds he is particularly good, and prefers the blackbird's song to any other—a judgment many will share. He is never tired of the cuckoo:

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USING characters already familiar, Mr. Buchan has given us again a brisk and lively story laid in that legendary South Africa which was the scene of "Nostromo." The local colour is abundant, indeed almost too thickly laid on, though the Spanish place-names are quite attractive. The impressive villain is master of the copper mines of the Gran Seco and runs them by methods that cannot be approved. The real fun does not begin till past p. 100, when he is kidnapped. We get plenty of excitement and fighting worked out ingeniously with maps. The "Poison Country" is quite a good thrill.

What we doubt is the villain's complete change of mind and acceptance of ideals he had hitherto despised. Perhaps the author has had some qualms about this conversion, as he gives three reasons for it. The chief hero, "Sandy," now Lord Clanroyden, refuses to "range" himself in sedentary middle age. He is a good specimen of the author's heroes, men of courage and resource who have more "guts" than most and a tender feeling for old friends.

MOLINOFF, OR THE COUNT IN THE KITCHEN. By MAURICE BEDEL. Translated by LAWRENCE S. MORRIS. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

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larly women—sufficiently alive to take their existences into their own hands. We may join issue with her concerning her fundamental idea: what we cannot do is lightheartedly to believe she hasn't one. Her whole series of novels have been a study in the interaction of the emotional life of women with their social life, and "False Spring," is another record of the evolution of this relationship. Virginia Brodie stakes everything for love, and because this happened at the end of the last century, she finds that a life-time of disappointment is the price she must pay. Her final instalment of that debt is paid to save the happiness of her own son, involved in a like problem to her own; and she realizes at last that that payment was unnecessary since society has overtaken the scruples of herself and her earlier generation. The book thus becomes a study of Victorian *versus* post-war morality and its effect upon woman's position. It is full of good things concerning this and allied ideas.

Mrs. Seymour has not entirely overcome the difficulty of a theme which demands a removal of interest in the narrative. We don't believe in her post-war young people, and they are so shadowy that it is doubtful whether she believes them herself. It is Virginia Brodie's book and we resent the intrusion of this younger generation. We almost resent the intrusion of the various men who come dutifully into her life to help her creator to demonstrate its significance. A book to read and argue about.

GENERAL.

A Room of One's Own. By Virginia Woolf. Hogarth Press. 5s.

This essay, based on two papers read at Girton and Newnham, discusses the writing of women with admirable humour and independence. It shows, like the author's "Common Reader" recently re-issued, that, if she had not devoted her time to fiction, she could have made a name as an essayist and critic. There is no prose today more attractive than hers, more apt to seize the beauty and human significance of a scene and transfer it to the reader without any straining after effect. The glimpses of Cambridge which lead to women's chances in literature are charming.

When the girl who was to distinguish herself in art criticism and supply hints for George Eliot's Dorothea shared a small room with an intimate friend, the arrangement was made tolerable by drawing a chalk line across by way of boundary. One must have freedom from interruption to work, and this is what Miss Woolf means by "A room of one's own." One should have £500 a year, too, to avoid the worries of poverty. Women have been hampered in the past, some, like the Brontës, stretching vainly to the light, as potatoes do in a cellar. What can they do with their new freedom? What are they to think of sex?

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amply and ingeniously illustrated. One is the gain or loss of what is now generally called a "tempo"; the other is in German the "Zugzwang," the compulsion to make a move, when any alteration of the player's arrangement is a disadvantage. Subtlety is instinct in much of Nimzowitsch's apparently harmless strategy; indeed, he declares that "the finest moves are after all waiting moves."

The book has been excellently translated and none that we have studied of late years goes so deep into the higher technique of the game.

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WHETHER there is a large public in England which wishes to read Molière but cannot read him in French we venture to doubt. But in the United States, where French is hardly ever taught, and where all are so anxious to improve their minds, these volumes should do well. Professor Green's introduction is sketchy, as it must be within the limits of eighteen pages. But he points out that Molière seizes the one essential trait in a man's character and makes it the *motif* of a play as in *Tartuffe*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *L'Avare*. In the list of books Mr. Waller's translation should not have been omitted. That supplied here belongs to the eighteenth century.

A GUIDE TO THE VARIETIES AND RARITY OF ENGLISH REGAL COPPER COINS. CHARLES II, 1671—VICTORIA, 1860. By ERNEST BRAMAH. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

HITHERTO we have only known the author as the virtuoso of fiction. Here he appears as an authority on copper coins. The lists of them are business-like and the descriptions are thorough, with notes concerning different states, rarities and the prices they have fetched. For the expert there are varieties, intended or accidental, due to minting, of which the public knows nothing; and some coins are so badly executed that they may seem forgeries. Thus patentees under William IV resorted to crude and cheaper work. There are, of course, a number of fabrications. For instance, of the halfpennies of 1775 far more forgeries seem to be extant than genuine pieces. Date years provide problems to be solved. There is no genuine example of the penny of 1852, though 236,424 were issued by the Mint in that year. This total disappearance seems beyond reason. "The Mint authorities can only conjecture," writes Montagu in his book on "Copper, Tin and Bronze Coinage," "that they were all brought in again to be melted. But were they ever issued?" Mr. Bramah gives the right explanation, which is that the Mint, having a small order to execute, struck the coins required from the dies of the preceding year. In some cases proofs have been struck which did not lead to general issues, and thus we have coins which are exceedingly rare.

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In describing the thick penny of 1806, with a raised rim, Mr. Bramah gives Britannia two right arms. A specimen before us shows that the trident should be in the left hand. The legend "Britanniar: rex" on the coins of George IV might have led to a note, in view of the modern "Britt. Omn." The word "English" is used in its restricted, not in its popular, sense. So such coins as the halfpenny before us, marked "Hibernia, 1723," do not enter into the scope of the volume, though issued under the authority of an English King. George I in that year gave over his right of copper coinage to Wood the ironmonger, whose patent was soon suppressed by the wrath of Swift. Mr. Bramah does, we notice, include the half, third and quarter farthings which were issued under George IV and later for Malta and Ceylon.

THE PEEPSHOW OF THE PORT OF LONDON. By A. G. LINNEY. Sampson Low. 7s. 6d.

LONDONERS, we are often told, know very little about the city they live in; and it is possible that many of them are not even aware that London is the greatest port in the world. For their benefit, and for all who are interested in its thousand-year-old history, Mr. Linney here brings together a mass of miscellaneous facts about the Port of London. He begins by reminding us that the tonnage handled annually on this seventy

miles of waterway actually amounts to fifty-five million tons, with a value of £7,000,000. This vast mass of merchandise is carried in craft of an almost infinite variety. Dingy and rust-stained "tramps," foreign motor schuyts, quaint Thames "bawleys," and great ocean liners bring their quota, though the full-rigged ship is, alas, almost a thing of the past. And the place-names along the river bank are full of interesting or picturesque associations: Execution Dock with its memories of pirates hanged in chains; the more poetic Lavender Pond; Mermaid Causeway; Cherry Garden Pier; and (as a corrective to these last) the unromantic realism of Frying Pan Creek, or Bugsby Hole.

Tide anomalies, canals, and buried streams receive attention, as well as the little gaily-coloured "monkey boats" which are sometimes seen on the lower reaches, but spend most of their time plying between Brentford and the Midlands on the waters of the Grand Junction Canal. The chapter on "The Fascination of the Surrey Docks" tells us that snipe, wild duck, and kingfishers are still to be found there, and that a pair of swans nested, not long since, on the raised path between Acorn and Lavender "Ponds."

Later we get some idea of the strange variety of cargoes that come to our shores. Twenty thousand tons of spices (including one thousand tons of pepper alone) reach London annually by water; while the world's supply of ivory passes through a single warehouse at the London Dock. There is more than a suggestion of the "Arabian Nights" about "cases of Attar of Roses worth a thousand pounds apiece," and naturalists will be interested in the records of whales, sharks, swordfish, and other deep-sea creatures killed, from time to time, in the Thames Estuary. Among these we may note the 58-ft. whale which Evelyn tells us was stranded "between my land butting on the Thames and Greenwich," and the shark hooked in 1787 at Poplar, whose stomach contained the watch and chain of a poor sailor drowned in the Channel on his first voyage.

The book is well printed and illustrated by the author's photographs.

ERRATUM: The price of "Tramping to Lourdes," reviewed in our September issue, *should read* 5s. *instead of* 7s. 6d.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER, 1929

Correspondence

Journey's End

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Bousfield's article in the October number is perhaps not simply the criticism of a play, but a return to the old argument as to how far realism in art is justified. Possibly Mr. Bousfield denies this, and contends that the realism of the play is sham, and that such things did not happen in the war. But in such a contention he will, I think, find few to agree with him. His statement that the two chief characters of the play are a coward, and a hero who is only a hero in drunken despair, is beside the truth. Why does he pick out these two, and call them the chief characters of the play? They are not. They are the abnormal men, and as such their parts call for the most skilful acting; but it is the other characters that are typical of the men that made up the armies of 1914–18.

There is the "ranker," blessed with a rough sense of humour, and a complete lack of imagination, who takes the war as part of the day's work, and is not troubled with a knowledge of his own inner reactions to the horror and folly of it all. There is "Uncle," the elderly schoolmaster, who, from his knowledge of life and his education, has developed a philosophy which helps him to hide his feelings from his younger brother officers, and which makes him beloved of them all. And there is the youngster just out from a public school, still full of the ideals which, according to Mr. Bousfield, carried us through the war. How well many of us knew these types!

As regards the abnormal characters, Mr. Bousfield overlooks the fact brought out in the play that the Company Commander—the whisky hero—had come from the same school as the newly-joined subaltern, and had possessed exactly the same high ideals some three years before when he had first joined the company; in fact he was the youngster's idol, and was engaged to the latter's sister; the play deals largely with the boy's feelings when he discovers that his idol has fallen, and is drinking heavily; but a few hours in the trenches are sufficient to make him realize that there is some cause for this deterioration: that three years in command of a company in France are an unfair strain on an imaginative youth, who is moreover not a regular soldier.

But possibly Mr. Bousfield admits the play's realism and merely condemns its bad taste. This is an age-old controversy which I do not propose to reopen here. If the play carries a vital message, as many of us believe, it is as idle to criticize it on the score of bad taste

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From "My Lady Nicotine"

NOTHING is more pitiable than the way some men of my acquaintance enslave themselves to tobacco. Nay, worse, they make an idol of some one particular tobacco. I know a man who considers a certain mixture so superior to all others that he will walk three miles for it. Surely everyone will admit that this is lamentable. It is not even a good mixture, for I used to try it occasionally; and if there is one man in London who knows tobaccos it is myself. There is only one Mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild, yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister! That is a tobacco to live for.

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as it would be to criticize the Government publication on the White Slave Traffic on the same grounds. The question whether the play would or would not have been tolerated in 1919 is equally beside the point. In 1916 D.O.R.A. would not tolerate the use of the Sermon on the Mount in pacifist propaganda. In 1919 Mr. Lloyd George was talking dangerous nonsense about a land fit for heroes to live in, and the whole nation was still under the delusion that a world war was something worth winning. It is only now that we are beginning to view the ghastly folly of it all from a proper perspective, and consequently it is only now that war books and plays that really matter are beginning to appear.

Mr. Bousfield also makes some capital of the fact that Italy alone of the big Powers has shown a proper sense of manhood by banning the play. It is unfortunate for this argument that Signor Mussolini has since publicly repudiated the action of the minor official responsible for the ban.

But if by bad taste it is meant that the play will shock dear old ladies, and the comfortable gentlemen that caught the 9.15 to town throughout the War, then Mr. Bousfield will find many to agree with him. Perhaps the play was written largely with this object, and that it is not merely a masterpiece of cynicism, perpetrated for financial gain, as Mr. Bousfield suggests.

It remains to be said that in the opinion of at any rate one professional soldier, and probably in that of most thinking men who took an active part in the war, such plays as this, and books such as "All Quiet on the Western Front" will do more to make future wars impossible than the deliberations of the League of Nations, or the joy-rides of Prime Ministers to America. Any financial gain that accrues to their authors should therefore surely not be grudged to them.

And if Mr. Bousfield's Gymnasia are going to counteract such propaganda, and cause modern warfare between civilized nations to appear to the youth of those nations as anything but a degrading horror, to be faced only as a last and dire resort, then most of us will prefer to send our children to the "Pictures."

Yours, etc.,

Gibraltar. "K. S. VERDAD."

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—The views of your contributor, Mr. Bonsfield, on the subject of the play *Journey's End* are at least a refreshing change from the eulogies to which we are becoming accustomed. However, his arguments fail to ring true in several places.

Why should we consider the characters in the play to be symbolical of our army as a whole? Do we condemn the womanhood of America on the exploits of Miss Clara Bow? The author's intent was obviously

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to portray the sterner side of war, and effects are always stressed for stage purposes. Would your contributor have our theatres return to the old barnstormer's idea of war, and put on "death or glory" productions? I have talked to several soldiers who served in the late war, and none of them took exception to *Journey's End*. In reply to the question as to what our enemy was like, your contributor has only to read "All Quiet on the Western Front."

With reference to Mussolini banning the play, this is obviously because that gentleman has aims not unlike those of the Kaiser, though perhaps hardly as ambitious. A play which depicts the horrors of war is not the best vehicle for furthering those aims. Of course, your contributor is obviously enamoured with the romantic side of warfare, as portrayed in our history books. But unfortunately for our history makers, modern thought is tending to go a little deeper: to ascertain the exact cost, to examine the moral as well as the brutal aspect of war. With the advance of education, it seems open to question whether our war lords will again drive us like lambs to the slaughter.

Yours, etc.,

CANDIDA PAX.

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the October issue of the REVIEW Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield concludes his article on *Journey's End* with the suggestion that National Gymnasia should be founded as an antidote to the cynicism and lack of ideals of the younger generation. He points out the good work done by the Scout movement in this direction, but deplores the fact that, when the boys are too old for scouting, they are "in danger of relapsing into the mental barbarism from which they were rescued."

May I be allowed to point out that the "Rover" section of the movement was formed to fill this need, and that there is no *maximum* age limit?

Would it not be preferable to utilize this existing organization than to launch a parallel movement with the same aims?

Perhaps Mr. Bousfield would agree to his appeal for help being added to that issued by the Scouts Headquarters on the occasion of the Rally in August last.

Yours, etc.,

R. W. O. RING.

The Cushioned Seat

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—I was delighted to read Mr. Kemball Cook's article on "The Cushioned Seat," pointing to the luxury now expected in our entertainments and pervading life in general. Today, he says, people "must be coaxed to undertake even the mildest forms of adventure within the Empire." It is true; for they even won't go out in a spatter of rain. I wondered the other day why I did not get the coal I had ordered for my flat, and was told that the men who bring it would not start work if the weather was bad. The streets at the time were full of more adventurous persons. Sport, the sort of work which is done for fun, goes on in the wet season—why not essential work? These same "workers" will doubtless appear at an Association League match and watch it without umbrellas, risking rain.

There remains, however, one solid monument of the good old discomfort for the die-hards, or rather sit-hards, and that is the suburban railway carriage. It is crowded and popular but new ideas of comfort have not affected it. The Spartan who takes a Third to Enfield, say, can indulge his spirit to the full. One feature of laziness today is the objection to walking. The average Londoner will not walk a mile, if he can help it, even to a gratis entertainment. The spoiled darlings of "Labour" should observe how others who never talk of work do their jobs. I do not know that I can altogether acquiesce in Mr. Kemball Cook's note on the word "vulgar" and implied praise

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of the common people. They are sound at the core and right in time, but they have given us a democracy which encourages the mediocre, and which goes about complaining,

They call that man as good as me.

Yours, etc.,

TRAVELLER.

Royal Societies Club.

Fundamentalism and The Modern Mind

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I have been much edified by Mr. F. C. Holman's letter in your November issue. It is characteristic of the "modern mind" to overrate its own intelligence and underrate that of its opponents. There is, of course, nothing particularly "modern" about this attitude. A thousand years ago Abul-Ala Ahmed ibn Abdalla observed that there are but two classes of mankind, the intelligent without religion and the religious without intelligence.

There is much truth in Pyrrho's tenet, "Against every statement the exact opposite may be urged with equal force." Huxley, for instance, told us that the teleology which supposes that the eye was made for the purpose of enabling the animal which possesses it to see had undoubtedly received its death blow. Sir George Gabriel Stokes, on the other hand, said that the remarkable structure of the eye was, to his mind, overwhelming evidence of design in construction —design in order to bring about a predetermined end.

It is characteristic of the "modern mind" to prefer spontaneous evolution to any creative act. Agassiz, however, sees all matter only plastic in the power of an omnipresent ever-working mind, and Fabre (that "incomparable observer," as Darwin called him) said, "The more I see and the more I observe, the more does an overruling intelligence shine behind the mystery of things."

It is not, as Mr. Holman seems to think, a peculiar characteristic of the "modern mind" to recognize no intellectual obligations. Approaching the question from a purely sceptical and agnostic point of view, it is quite possible to arrive at the conclusion that the statement in Genesis, "And God said . . . and it was so" is just as reasonable an explanation of the riddle of the universe, as the proposition that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulosity of the universe was composed.

Mr. Holman informs us that the "modern mind finds Moses, St. Paul and St. John and the rest 'hopeless.'" His own inspiring prophecy is that "eternal and comprehensive futility is by no means an unlikely ultimate discovery."* I should have thought that the term "hopeless" might have been more appropriately applied to this cheerful conclusion.

Yours, etc.,

2, Raymond Buildings,
Gray's Inn.

WM. JOHNSTON SCALES.

* ENGLISH REVIEW 1928, p. 499.

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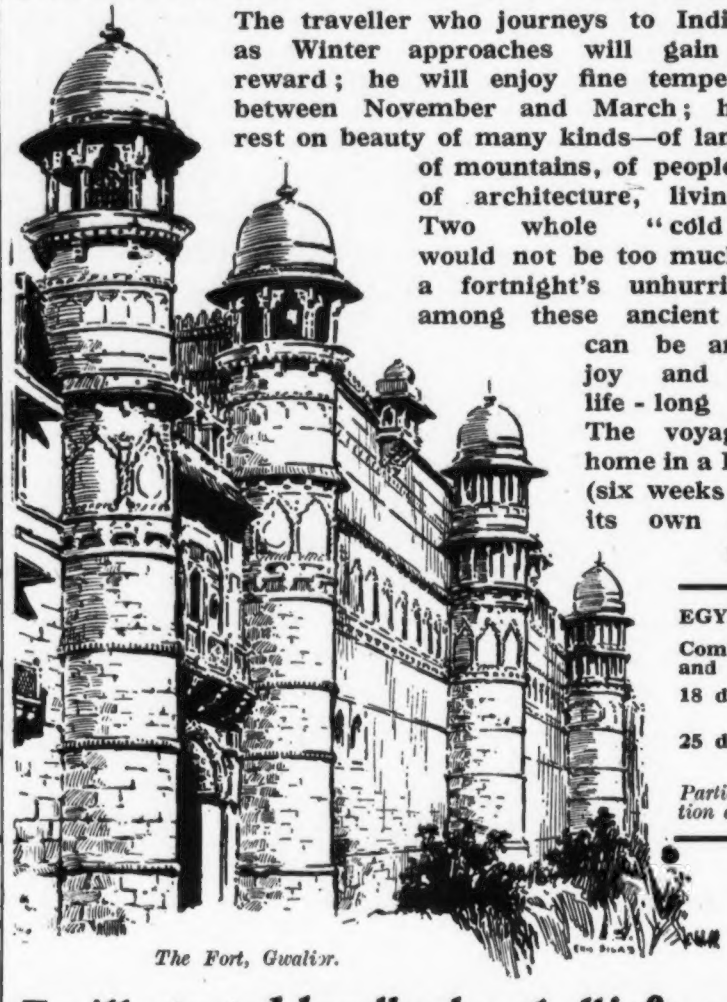

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